

THE  
GENTILE SINNER,  
OR  
*England's Brave*  
GENTLEMAN

Character'd  
*In a Letter to a Friend:*

Both  
*As he is, and as he should be.*

By CLEM: ELLIS, M. A. Fellow  
of Qu. Coll. Oxon.

*The Fifth Edition.*

I Cor. 1. 26. *Not many Noble are called.*

— Sanctus haberi  
Jussitque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?  
Agnosco procerem. *Juv. Sat. 8.*

OXFORD,  
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versity, for Edward Forrester. 1672.

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TO THE  
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,  
My Honoured Friends,  
S<sup>r</sup> PHILIP MUSGRAVE,

Knight and Baronet;

AND

S<sup>r</sup> GEORGE BENNION, K<sup>t</sup>:

The Author wishes all Grace, Health, and  
Honour here, and Happiness hereafter.

*Right worshipful,*



You who have been  
so long a time sha-  
rers both in the  
same great *Virtues*,  
and, for them, in the same great  
*Sufferings*: be pleased too, to  
share in this small tribute, for  
A 2 which

## The Epistle

which I have been long indebted to your Goodness. Your *Names*, I confess, are either of them too great to stand in the front of so inconsiderable a paper as this, wherewith I here present you; and might make a suitable *Frontispiece* to some far more excellent Tract. Whatever this be, which begs your Candid acceptance, it may perhaps need, but I fear it deserves not, I am sure it does not now come abroad to seek a *Patron*. The reason why I address it to you, is an ambition I have, to bring the world better acquainted with so great a part of its own *Treasure*: and to make it

## Dedictory.

it know, there be yet ( after all  
these *dreining times* ) some such  
Worthy persons as *your selves*;  
whom even they, who are (to a  
*Christian stoicism*) enemies to the  
present *world*, dare both *love &*  
*honour*. Were it my business to  
seek out an *instance* of the *genu-*  
*ine*, or a *pattern* whereby to cor-  
rect the *spurious &* degenerate  
Gentleman, I should despair to  
fit my self better, then I may in  
*you*: in whom, after so many *kil-*  
*ling* afflictions, the World may  
yet behold a true *Religion*, and  
*Loyalty* surviving your *fortunes*.  
I might well fear, should the  
Reader know you as well as I,  
his *expectation* by the view of

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

your prefixed Names, would be raised too much above the contents of the following Letter: & therefore I shall, no less out of Charity to mine own Infirmities, then from a due Reverence to that known Modesty which crowns your many other noted Vertues, forbear any further to display your merits: onely this I would have the World to know, and do beg you to believe, that I shall ever be industrious to manifest my selfe

*Right Worshipful,*

*Yours  
In all Christian Services,*

*C. E.*



To the READER:

\*\*\*\*\* *T* is a Formality very much  
in fashion of late amongst wri-  
I tters, to complement the Rea-  
der, give him a view of his  
\*\*\*\*\* following Entertainment, in  
a large Preface to every little Pamphlet.  
*I* intend not to usher abroad this rude Letter  
in so great State; neither will I play the  
Gentleman so much, as to tire out my Rea-  
der with feigned Apologies for that Course  
fare he is like to have anon. I am not without  
some of those Common Sanctuaries, wherein  
many writers can phancie themselves so se-  
cure from all Censure; but I dare not pre-  
tend to those I have not, and those I have I  
fleight. Reader, the plain truth is, this Letter  
is not now sent out, to prevent or decry any sur-  
reptitious Copy, neither meerly to satisfie  
the importunity of my friends: Nor yet am  
I willing so much to humour either thy curi-  
osity, or the common Vanity, as to tell thee  
what inducements I had to this Publication:

If



## To the Reader.

if what thou shalt here read, either concern thee or not, I am sure thou cannot.

Perhaps thou art one of those, who may read their names and characters in the former part of the following Letter; if so, it would be time and pains ill lost to talk with thee now. If thou canst be so much the Master of thy Passion; as to read thy self over herein with Patience, and without either Oath or Curse, for the Paper or its Author; I shall begin to hope there may yet be a possibility of a return to thy self & to my God. Till then, what ever cause thou hast to carp at the Book, or revile the Author, I am bold to tell thee, I have much more to slight thy Speeches, and pitty thy Folly. I value as little thy Centure, as I have reason to envy thy conversation: I dread as much thine Applause, as I scorn thy Derision; and this I do no less then I abhor thy life, or pray for thy Conversion.

When thou art willing to understand what may do thee good, it will be seasonable for me to say more, and tell thee, that if thou wouldst be a Gentleman, there is a Book extant, which for that End, well deserves thy Study, and thy Practice. At present it is too noble a Jewill to be thrown to such a Swine.

If



## To the Reader.

*If the Courser and more homely Diet I here offer thee, may beget in thee ( though by loathing it ) a liking to that far richer Dish: It will be then enough for my Ambition, as it is now too much for my Hopes.*

*That most Singular piece of Impartiall Truth, and unparallel'd Ingenuity; of most Cogent Reason, and Insinuating Rhetorick; of most sage Advice, and Religious Instruction, which abundantly commends it selfe to the serious perusall, and its Author ( were not his strange Modesty as much our Enemy, in Concealing his Name, as his Piety and Ingenuity our Friends, in discovering his worth ) to thy intimate acquaintance: It bears for its Title, what thou by thy Practise labourst to prove a Contradictiō, THE GENTLEMANS CALLING. This Booke would Certainly teach thee to be, didst thou not thinke thy selfe too wise to learn, all that becomes a Christian Gentleman: as another Practicall piece which for its Excellency is rationally supposed the worke of the same Pious and Ingenious hand, would make thee, if used aright, a Christian Man: I meane that Booke, the Title whereof speaks much, yet no more then the Contents do verifie, THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.*

## To the Reader?

**M A N.** Read these two soberly, and practise them constantly, and, though thou burn'st this paper thou shalt never perswade me, not to thinke thee a Man, a Gentleman, and a Christian. But if in some or other of thy Mad Moods, thou shalt rage & foam against what here I send thee. play the Critick upon it amidst thy Pots, or make it thy sport and merriment amongst those who cannot think themselves men except they be Frolick and Jolly: the Paper may suffer, and thou may'st spit in my face; but know, I have a Christian name, thou can'st not stain: and a Charitable Intention, thou canst as little vitiate, as thou hast hitherto deserved it.

But if (Sir) you be one of those brave souls, whose Merits are above their Names; whose Honours are not dumb Idols; neither their Vertues shadows; and yet vouchsafe to cast an eye upon this flat and unstudy'd piece of meer Obedience: Your Candor will save me the customary Ceremony of a long Apology; seeing I am assured you can sooner pardon an Hundred faults, then the other find one: your Goodness by a constant practise of all vertues being as much augmented, as his Judgment by an Endlesse succession of most sottish debaucheries is daily Impaired.

Who

## To the Reader.

Whosoever you be, who chance to hit upon this paper; let it suffice you to know, that it is but a Letter, & that, an Imperfect birth after a Fortnight's labour. It had never ventured so far abroad, had not better eyes than the Author's directed it forth. The best on't is, Censures I regard not, Frowns I fear not, Criticisms I smile at, and Derisions I laugh at. The Style ('tis true) is rough; I had rather be told of it, than lose so much time as to smooth it: Many things are Blunt and Flat: It is my Humour, often to prefer a plain truth, before a Witty Phancy: The Phraise in many places is tart and provoking; I hope it will appear in all my Actions, that I study not to please, but profit. Reader, Call me what thou wilt, Stoick, or Fool, or Clown, or Madman, I am willing, with all my heart, to seem any, or all of these to reform a Sinner. If in any place thou think'st I deale uncivilly with thee, give mee leave to aske thee—where? If in the former part, What business hadst thou there? Either thou art indeed a man there described: and then why art thou angry that I say the truth? Or else thou art one of the Better Stamp; keep thee then in thine own place, & I am confident I shall do thee right. Art thou the true Gentleman?

## To the Reader

element thou canst not so far mistake thy self, as to think the Characters of the False will fit thee: art thou the False? Thine own Confession quits me of the Scandall: And I hope thou wilt here find thy selfe so much in thine own colours, that thou wilt be so farre out of love with thy selfe, as to know the least commendation of thee could be no less then a flattery. If this little labour of mine may do thee good, it is therefore worthy of thine acceptance, and I bid thee heartily welcome: If thou seest nothing in it worth the reading, use thy freedome, I may lose my labour, neither thou nor I shall ever lose my Charity.

Instead of a longer Preface, I commend to thy reading the words of a Reverend Doctor, whose exemplary Piety, Learning, Judgment, Moderation, are sufficiently known to the greatest part of our English Nation.

Dr SANDERSON in his Sermon  
on the 1 Cor. 7. 24.

As for our (meer or parcel) Gallants, who live in no settled course of life, but spend halfe the day in Sleeping, half the night in gaming, and the rest of their time in other pleasures & vanities, to as little purpose as they can devise; as if they were born for nothing else but to eat, and drink, and snort, and sport; who are

## To the Reader.

are spruce and trim as the Lillies ( *Solomon in all his Royalty was not cloath'd like one of these,* ) yet they neither sow, nor reap, nor carry into Barn; they neither labour, nor spin, nor do any thing else for the good of humane society: Let them know, there is not the poorest Contemptible Creature, that cryeth Oysters and Kitch'n-stuff in the streets, but deserveth his bread better than they; and his course of life is of better esteem with God, and every sober wise man, than theirs. A Horse, that is neither good for the way, nor the cart, nor the race, nor the wars, nor any other service, let him be of never so good a breed, never so well marked and shaped, yet he is but a *Fade*: his Master letteth no store by him, thinketh his meat ill bestowed on him; every man will say, better knock him on the head than keep him; his *skin*, though not much worth, is yet better worth then the whole *beast* besides.

Consider this, you that are of Noble and Generous Birth. Look upon the *Rock*, whence you are digged. Search your Pedigrees; Collect the Scatterd Monuments and Histories of your Ancestors: and observe by what steps your worthy Progenitors raised their houses to the height of Gentry and Nobility. Scarce shall you find a man of them, that gave any accession, or brought any emiaency to his house; but either serving in the *Camp*, or swearing at the *Bar*, or waiting at the *Court*, or adventuring on the *Seas*, or trucking in his *Shop*, or some other way industriously bestirring himself in some settled Calling, and Course of life. You usurp their Arms, if you inherit not their Virtues, and those Ensignes of Honour and Gentry which they by industry atchieved,

sic



## To the Reader.


fit no otherwise upon your shoulders, than as rich  
trappings upon *Asses backs*, which serve but to render  
the poor beast more ridiculous. If you by brutish  
sensuality, and spending your time in swinish luxu-  
ry, stain the colours, and embase the mettals of those  
badges of your *Gentry* and *Nobility*, which you claim  
by descent: think, when we worship or honour you,  
we do but flout you; and know, the titles we in  
Courtesie give you, we bestow upon their memories,  
whose degenerate off-spring you are, & whose *Arm*  
you unworthily bear; and they do no more belong to  
you, then the reverence the good man did to *Isa*  
belong'd to the *Ass* that carry'd her Image.



The







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THE



THE  
GENTILE SINNER,  
OR,  
England's *Brave Gentleman*.

*Honoured Sir,*



Am very much indebted to  
Your most obliged *Goodness*,  
for that great and undeser-  
ved *Freedom*, you were plea-  
sed to allow me in our last  
*Discourse*: And I am so Con-  
fident to meet with the same *Goodnesse* still,  
that I shall not *fear* to expresse as great a  
*Boldnesse* in the following lines. ...

With *Gentlemen*, I very much love to  
be talking of *Gentlemen*; with him that is  
a *Gentleman* indeed, that in *his* language  
( for in better, I am sure, I cannot ) I may  
learne how to shame his *Counterfeit*, and  
with *him* too, who has no more then the  
B bare

bare Name, that I may thereby get a  
 opportunity of proposing to him some  
 thing better then *himselfe*, as a fit object  
 of his *Love* and *Imitation*. I confesse  
 am often apt, more then well becomes me  
 in the presence of *Persons* of your *Quali-  
 ty*, to inveigh somewhat *Satyrically*;  
 gainst such as this wanton *Age* of the  
 World loves to *miscall* by so good a name  
 which might give any man of lesse *Candor*  
 and *Courtesie* then *Your selfe* (Sir) a just oc-  
 casion of judging me more *Bold* then *Wise*.  
 What your *resentments* were of my last con-  
 sider'd expressions, I know not; But if  
 any of them I gave offence, I dare hope you  
 will make your late *Commands* passe for my  
*Sentence*, and let this *prosecution* of that to  
*Inconsiderate* discourse ( I beseech you ) serve  
 for my penance.

You were pleas'd to require a Summary  
 of my thoughts, concerning our *present Eng-  
 lish Gentleman*, both to what he *is*, and  
 what he *should be*. I must not tax you of  
*discretion*, by telling you how *ill* you have  
 plac'd your *Commands*; and therefore  
 shall rather choose to shew you your *Chari-  
 table mistake*, by my ready *Obedience*, the

by an *unseasonable modesty*, seem to question your judgement: The task enjoyn'd me is in it selfe so odious, that nothing lesse then that highest respect I have for the worthy *imposter*, could make it welcome; and it carries so great a disproportion to my weaker *Faculties*, that nothing but too great an affection in you (Sir) could make it appear possible. To tell you, what the Gentleman is, requires an experience; and to say what he should be, must suppose a *Breeding* far above mine.

If by the Gentleman, you mean him whose real virtues are such as have indeed merited him the name: I could go a very compendious way to work, and shew you him in as fair a piece as *virtue* can draw, or the *World* imitate, by directing your eye to that object, which best deserves it: You must needs know your selfe too well, (Sir) to be ignorant whom I mean. But for the other, whom we then took the boldnesse to talke of, you cannot, I hope, imagine, that one so little acquainted with the present Garbs and Modes of the world, as without blushing I dare confesse my selfe to be, should be able to present you



with his perfect portraiture.

To be short, Sir, *You* are too well acquainted with the true *Gentleman*, to thinke you shall ever read him any where better described then you find him at home: and I am too little acquainted with his counterfeitt, to presume I may be able to give you an exact *Character* of him, till I use to go more, then I hope in hast I shall do, abroad. However, I had rather betray my *Ignorance* of what I could never yet esteem well worth my knowledge, then the least disrespect to a *Person*, whose long-experienced *Goodness* hath abundantly merited the best of my services. Such a prospect therefore as I could have of him, whilst immured up within the narrow compasse of a *Darke Study*, I shall make bold to lay open before your eye; and, in as plain *English* as I can, tell you what I think both of the *Man* and his shadow.

But before I begin to describe him, I find it necessary for me to premise unto you this cautious request--That you would be pleased to believe I do not make, nor take pleasure to see those wounds, which you have perswaded me to uncover; for  
I



I cannot but foresee too many of them, through *Imprudence* and *Negligence*, so altogether *feaster'd* and *Nauseous*, that as they will try your *patience* to behold them, so will they even *dare* your *faith* to believe them: and this I shall further beg of you, that seeing to serve you I am forced to take the *Libertie* of a more open, and sometimes *biteing* expression; you would not debar me of the *Priviledge* of an *Impartial*, yet *friendly*, *Censurer*; one who had much rather lose a friend, then tolerate a fault: Or the *beneficial Severitie* of a *Faithful Chirurgion*, who is allow'd often to make the *smart* the fore-runner of the *Cure*, and is excusable, though sometimes he seem so hard-hearted as to *disregard* the *lamentable* out-cries, and most moving groans of his *afflicted* Patient, not sparing his *Probe*, till he have thoroughly search'd the wound.

I must in Good Earnest tell the *Gentleman*, how much my *Pitty* and *Commiseration* outgo my *Reprehensions* and *reproofs*: And that my *heartly prayers* both now are, and ever shall be, much more for him, then my *unpleasing Invectives* can be against

him The latter are onely sent out to in-  
 vice him to take some knowledge and com-  
 passion of himselfe. but the former ascend  
 as high as Heaven to implore Gods Mercy  
 and Pity towards him. For I know it,  
 (let him entertain as flattering thoughts  
 as he will of himselfe) the world has not  
 had since the fall of Adam, a more mis-  
 erable Spectacle, than this poor wretched  
 Leaper, the debauched Gentleman: who  
 doubtlesse, were he not so complacently  
 accessary to his own Misery, So obstinately  
 bent upon, and solicitously studious of his  
 own overthrow, would be no oftner beheld  
 than pitted.

But seeing his dayly practice perswades  
 me, that his main industry is a design to  
 ruine himselfe, his constant Profession an  
 open defiance to his Happinesse; seeing  
 his chiete delight seems to be placed in  
 looking upon his own sores, and his conti-  
 nual studie is how to increase them: See-  
 ing he esteems nothing so dangerous as  
 real goodness, and every day proclaims  
 open Hostilitie against whatever shall bring  
 along with it that unwelcome charitie of  
 preserving him from Hell: seeing he la-  
 bours

hours to expresse a deadly *feud* betwixt  
himselfe and his owne soule, and dreads no  
torments so much as the joyes of Heaven,  
seeing the *businessse* of his whole life is to  
spoyle a Gentleman: Without all doubt,  
the safest way now to be his friend is to  
seeme his enemy, the readiest meanes of  
making the Christian, is to vex the Gentle-  
man, and the hopefullest method of healing  
his sores, is first to search them till they  
smart. There's no way to deale with a man  
in a *Smooone*, but to pinch him by the nose,  
and to dash cold water in his face; when he  
is thus brought to himselfe, he may be  
capable of a *Cordiall*: Thus indeed must we  
be constrained to deale with the Gentleman,  
who is not onely voyd of all *spirituall*  
life, but even of all *common sense*: We must  
handle him a little more roughly, then what  
he will thinke *civilitie*, that so we may at  
length force him to open his eyes, to see  
how much he is mistaken in what he calls so.  
If after all this he will persist to call mee  
his enemy, I shall onely professe my sorrow  
for this, that he has lost the benefit intended  
him by my paines: Not at all that I have  
missed the reward of his commendation and  
B 4 thanks;

*thanks*; these I shall then *first* be ambitious of enjoying, when I shall be assured that he is so much become a *New man*, that I need not feare his *Commendation* may prove *Scandalls*, or his *thanks* reproaches. Till then here he has my *Confession*, I am his utter *Enemie*: and let him take my *Resolution* too along with it, so I am resolved to *continue* till I can see him, more then yet he is, his owne friend. Then, I am sure, he will without a prompter acknowledgement, that thus to *app.* are his *Enemy* was the *onely* way he had left me to befriend him.

With this *resolution* ( Sir ) and *Confidence* I shall venture, *first* to give you a short *Character* of him, as it stands legible in his common *practise* and *Conversation*; where that he may not have so much as a *pretence* to be *angry*, I shall onely write after that *Copy* himselfe has set mee, and lets *lye* every where *wide open* to the *view* of the *world*. And haveing done this, I shall, in a very few words characterize the *man* I would see, and tell you, what I suppose you know, God *Expects*, and his owne Name and profession do witness he ought to be.

SECT.

SECT. I.

*The Gallant*

**T**O give you my sense of the *Gentleman* in a word, He is, *I know not what*. I no sooner cast my eye upon him, but ( alas ) I see too little to love, enough to *Pitty*, more to *abhor*, and in all too much to be *expressed*. 'Tis usuall with us to call *man* a *little world*, and truly the *Gentleman* may well be compared to that which is more ancient, the *Old Chaos*, when the *numerous* parts of this larger *world*, lay confusedly therein, intermixed and jumbled together, without *Forme* or *Order*: before the Omnipotent *Wisdom* of the Great God had created any such thing here below as *Method* or *Beauty*: Such an undigested *Masse* and *Heap* of *every thing*, have wee here met withall, and nothing *perfect*: Onely herein the *Similitude* failes, for *supposing* such an unformed heap, yet had there been nothing therein but what were to be confessed the  
*worke*



~~marke~~ of God's hands, and therefore ~~very~~ *uncertain*  
*good*: But *here* (alas) is almost nothing at *Ra*  
 left that God created, but every thing *may co*  
 altogether *evill*, that hardly so much *merits*  
 that we call *goodnesse* appeares, as a ban *this fa*  
*possibilitie* of becoming so. *both t*

Sect. 1. *His Name.* *Horse*  
*a Gen*  
*man,*

If there be such a *Sin* in the *abuse* *of the lif*  
 words as some do think there is: and if *esteem*  
 be true that a great part of this *abuse* *lie* *God*  
 in giving *Names* unto things, *contrary* *to One*  
 their *Natures*, never was there a greater *into*  
 error of this kind committed *then here*, *succ*  
 for never *Honest name* was more abused, *that*  
 then this of *Gentleman*: indeed it is *to and*  
 be feared, that having been so long *mis* *will*  
*applied*, it will at last finde the like hard mea *self*  
 sure, with those other once more *Honest* *S*  
*Names* of *Tyrant* and *Sophister*; and *from* *hav*  
 a *Title* of *Honour* degenerate into a *term* *to*  
 of the greatest disgrace and infamy. It is a *N*  
 indeed already made to be of no better a *Spa*  
 signification then this, to denote a Person *Na*  
 of a *Licentious* and an *unbridled* life: for in *noi*  
 though it be as 'tis used, a word of a very *noi*

*uncertaine*



uncertaine and equivocal sound, and given  
at Random to persons of far different,  
pay contrarie both humours, descents, and  
merits: yet if we look upon him that in  
this sad age comes first in play, and carries  
both the *Feather* and the *Bell*; as the *first*  
*Horse* in the *Team*, away from all the rest:  
a *Gentleman* must be thought onely such a  
man, as may, without controle, do what  
he lists, and sin with applause: One that  
esteems it base, and ungentle, to fear a  
God, to own a Law, or Practise a Religion:  
One who has studied to bring *Sin* so much  
into fashion, and with so much unhappy  
Successe, that he is now accounted a *Clown*  
that is not proud to be thought a *Sinner*;  
and he is as ridiculous as an *Antick*, who  
will not, without all scruple, proclaim him-  
self an *Atheist*.

Some of the wisest in the present world,  
have of a long time, (ashamed, I suppose,  
to be known by the same name with such  
a *Monster*) thought it more fit to call him  
*Spark*, *Raunter*: and indeed the former  
Name carries so much of the *Fire* of Hell  
in the signification, the other so much of the  
noise of Hell in the sound, as may almost  
suite

suit with the *Gentlemans* Actions. *Civiliz*  
 the proudest vice is ashamed to wear more  
 own face long: Nor dare I believe he is  
*Devil* to be much in love with his *bring*  
 Name; I am sure *neither* is willing to *and m*  
 thought such as in truth they are; *blow hi*  
*wickedness* has worn *virtues* mask, certainly  
 thread-bare; and *Satan* hath so often *for he*  
 peared like an *Angel of Light*, that 'tis *no running*  
 evident, he is not enamoured of his *own way*.  
*Form*. And thus had the *Gentleman* to gain  
 rather *deserve* then wear the Devils *Liverie* the  
 though he be willing enough to be the *man* did  
 yet he abhors the *Name*. Thus he think *to qu*  
*virtue and vice*, like his *Honour and Rep* *Riva*  
*tation*, no more, but the *creatures* of *Pope* *Disce*  
*lar breath*, and that his eternal *Happiness* *so c*  
 (as his *Temporal estate*) is entailed upon the *Fla*  
*bare Name* alone, and by a little alteration *in t*  
 of *that*, he may (when he pleases) translate *of c*  
 his *Title* from *Hell* to *Heaven*: So fondly *F*  
 Solicitous he is (that I may use his own *of*  
 Language) to *Trapan* his own *Soul*, and by *tro*  
 the Lamentable *Imposture* of a *Borrowed* *and*  
*Name* cheat her out of a most *Glorious In* *mo*  
 heritance. *Sa*

Hence he endeavours a little more to  
*Civiliz*

Civilize the Title, and calls himselfe in a more pleasing language *Gallant*. . . In this he is apt to Phancy *charme* enough to bring even *Heaven* it selfe in love with him, and make it, as the trees did *Orpheus*, to follow him whithersoever he goeth: and certainly so it must, and with some speed too, for he shall never see it, seeing he is alway running, as fast as he can, the quite contrary way. But, alas, this is all he is like to gain by the pittiful exchange: that whereas the ungrateful sound of the former names did so startle the *Devil*, that he was ready to quit his habitation, either as jealous of a Rival in the very words, or else afraid of a Discoverie, hearing his own names become so common, he is now bribed to stay by the Flatterie of this latter, and securely Lodges in the *Gallant's* breast, without the least fear of disturbance.

But seeing the *Gallant* is so great a lover of *New Names*, I hope he will not be troubled, if I make bold to adde one more, and call him with no lesse reason, but in more words, *The Devils Ghost*. For whilest *Sathan* is put to a large expence of time and Pains to Haunt and Seduce others here

Here he meets with one not halfe so coy times  
 but such an one as by his *unseasonable* Tenan  
 kindnesse, seems to be a *trouble* rather, Such a  
 the very *Fiend*, by *haunting* the *Devil* stituti  
 And doubtlesse, if he go but one halfe with a  
 fast a while longer, as he has done of late himse  
 years, he will tire and puzzle the whole vaniti  
 numerous *Host of Hell*, to invent a *variety* nothi  
 of *objects* answerable to that of his *H* Char  
*mour.*

To speak him out a little more plainly,  
 our *English Gentleman*, as now a dayes we  
 commonly meet him, is such a *strange* kind Ye  
 of *thing*, that no one name will fit him a far  
 Such an *Heterogeneous* soule he is, that The  
 lesse then a *Combination* of all the vices in our j  
 the World, must be summoned in to make belie  
 up a *Partial Description* of him: Of an (no  
*Essential Definition* I dare hardly think him thin  
 capable, least thereby granting him a can  
 compleat *Essence*, I should be forced, at least agoe  
 in a *Metaphysical* Notion, to call him Good now  
*Good-man* is a title he hath ever much base  
 scorned, and it is that which (if yet his pride mac  
 will afford him any) he very truly thinks any  
 the fittest *compellation* for the poor men  
 honest *Labourer*. The same he will some  
 times

times vouchsafe to bestow upon those few *Tenants* his prodigality has spared him. Such a *complicacie* of evils goes to his constitution, that ere we shall be able to fit him with a *name*, we must borrow it from *Sathan* himselfe, and call him *Legion*. As *sin* and *vanitie* make up his very *Essence*; so can nothing but *wonder* and *shame* compose his *Character*.

Sect. 2. *His Nature in generall.*

You have heard his *name*, and now take a farther *Generall* discription of him thus. The *Gallant* is a pretty, neat, Phantastically out side of a *Man*, and if you dare alway believe your eye, 'tis not unlikely you may (now and then) be so much deceived, as to thinke him *something*. But a true *man* you can never imagine him, he hath too long agoe shaken hands with his *Reason*, and now counts it the greatest degree of *basenesse* in the world, to live what *Nature* made him, or to seeme beholding for any thing unto ought, but his owne *Hu: man*.

He is a well-digested *bundle* of most  
costly



*costly vanities*, and he is evermore tumbling up and downe the streets to gather more of that same *Chargeable dirt*: as if he should have enough to excuse his sinne, when he can at once say, it is both *glorious* and *costly*. You may call him a *Volume of Methodical Errataes* bound up in a gilt cover, and his onely commendation is this, that his *disorders* seeme to be *orderly*, and his *Errors* not *Casual* but *Studied* and he can tell how to sinne most *ingenuously*. He is a *curiously* wrought *Cabinet* full of *Shells*, and other *Trumperie*, which were much better quite *emptie*, than so *emptily full*. He is a piece of ordinary *clay* stuck round with *Bristoll Diamonds*, pretty sparkling things, which for a time might perhaps make a *gay show* in a *fool's cap*, or on a *Dung-hill*, but in a *Lapidarie's shop*, amongst true stones, have onely so much *lustre* left, as will prove themselves to be but *counterfeit*. Such a silly *Glow worme* may looke like a little *Star* in the *Darke*, but its *Splendour* is alwayes sure to be *benighted* with the *Rising Sun*. 'Tis no small advantage for this fine *Sir* to live in this *Night* of the world, where that very *darknesse* of *ignorance*

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tance which *obscures* the great virtues of so many good men, is the onely thing that makes his *wild-fires* so *visible* as to be taken notice of. He is the *Rich Scabbard* of a *Leaden Spirit*, and that very *dulnesse* of metal, makes him endure so long in the world, whilst the *keener* zeal of *nobler* Souls, loon makes their way for them through the *Scabbard* into *Heaven*. I do heartily wish he would give us no reason to call him, The *Painted Sepulchre* of a *Soule Dead* and rotten in *Trespases* and *Sins*: If this Comparison will ever fit any man that is no *Hypocrite*, certainly 'tis the *Swaggering Gentleman*.

He is a *mans skin* full of *prophanes*, a *Paradise* full of *weeds*, an *Heaven* full of *Devils*, or *Sathans Bedchamber* too richly hung with *Arras* of *God's* own making: such an *Excellencie* would he faine hold in the *basest Iniquitie*. He can be thought no better then a *Promethean* Man, at best but a lump of *animated dirt* kneaded into *Humane shape*, and if he have any such thing as a *Soule* ( which he shall hardly be able to perswade any man to believe that sees how little *care* he takes to *save* it )

it seems to be patch'd up of *vice* and *Bravery*.

If you would come acquainted with his pedigree, let *Sin* be your *Herald*, and it will be sufficient to tell you, he was the Son of an *Offender*. His very name's enough to blast the *Nobility* of all that went before him, and to breath a perpetuall disgrace upon the sleeping ashes of his worthy *Progenitors*. There may be some question made, whether he needs fear going into *Hell* or no at his death; because he has been so well acquainted with it in his life time; whether if he have not leave every day to take his full *Cariere*, he thinks his *Soul* bereav'd of her *Christian Libertie*; as if he had no other way left him of imitating the blessed *Saviour* of mankind, but by often descending into *Hell*. O what a piece of *Gallantrie* it is now a dayes for a man to give his *Soul* to the *Devil* in a *Frolick*! It is the part of a *Gentleman* to out-brave *Damnation*, and not to be daunted with the thoughts of a future *Judgement*: A retreat into *Sobriety* would betray such an *Effeminate* of spirit, as might argue him in love with a *Religion*, and make the world believe

believe he were such a *Coward* as might be *Frighted* into *Piety*. Every *perrie* sinner can *out-face* an *Earthly*, he'l do his best to *out-vapour* an *Heavenly* Tribunal; and make it appear unto all, that a *Gentleman* has a *spirit*, dares go to *Hell*, before he will be said to *fear* it. Indeed he alone seems to have the art of turning *Nature* upside down, and will onely be a perfect man at the *Pap*, when he is *wean'd* he gives both his *humanitie* and *Innocencie* to his *Nurse* for her *wages*, I am sure he is *rarely*, if ever, after that time, seen to have either about him. In short, the *Gentleman* is nothing that he *should* be: His whole life is a flat *Contradiction* to his *dutie*: His constant *studie* is to teach his *Bodie* how to put *affronts* upon his *Soul*, and to give him the *lie* who dare tell him there are any *hopes* it may be *saved*: He laughs at him that tells him there is any other *Heaven* then that of his own *creating*; any other *happinesse* besides his *pleasures*, or an *Hell* diverse from that which *Christianitie* has objected to the *Cowards Phancy*. He has the *Courage* to be any thing but what he *should* be, an *honest man*, or a good *Christian*.

§. 3. *His Calling or Imployment.*

The Gallants Generall Calling and Em-  
ployment is, to scorn all *businesse*, but the  
Study of the *Modes* and *Vices* of the times;  
and herein he spares not to rack his *braines*  
and rob his *soule* as much of her *Naturall*  
and her *spirituall* rest, to supply the wanton  
world with *varietie* of Inventions. He takes  
an especiall care that nothing may ever ap-  
pear *old* about him, but the *old Man* of sin,  
and him he every day exposes to Publick  
view in a *severall Dresse*, that (if it be possi-  
ble) he may perswade the world to believe  
that all *there* is *New* too. Indeed so *mise-  
rably* happy is he in *Inventions* of this sinful  
Nature, that any man, who had not a *spiri-  
tuall* eye, to discern the same *Proud* and  
*Luxurious Devil* in all his Actions, would  
almost think he had a *new Nature* as well  
as a *new Suite* for every day throughout  
the Year.

Thus he that thinks it so much *below*  
him, to be reckon'd amongst the *Labou-  
rers* in Gods *House* or *Vineyard*; and dis-  
daines to receive his *Penny*, with those he  
should



should call his brethren, either as a *Reward* or a *Gratuitie*; but seems rather to expect it as a *Debt*, or *Portion* due by *Inheritance*: Yet is he content to sit all day long in *Sathan's Shop*, one of his *Slavish Prentices* or *Journey-men*, who feeds him with course and *Emptie Huske* here, and will reward him with an *Hell-full* of torments for *his labour* hereafter.

He is all but a *Proud* and *Glistering Masse* of *swaggering idlenesse*: and he makes it his chiefe Study to *Demonstrate* to the world, how many several wayes *Idlenesse* has found out to be *busie*. He takes this for granted (as well he may) that he is not *Idle* but *Dead* that does just *nothing*. It is his task ever to be doing, *nothing* to a *Good*, but much to a *Bad* or no Purpose. Though he may often seem to sit *still*, and not to *move* so much as a little finger, yet even *then* is his *soule* close at *worke*. plotting and *Contriving* how he may for the time to come be most *Pausibly Idle*. He acts so little for the *Publick Good*, as if he were afraid he should be thought a *Member* of *Mankind*, or as if the onely *businessse* God intended him

were but to take care, that he continue *breathing*. He lives indeed as if he meant to prove, that God Almighty had made him to no other end but this, to show the world that he could make *something* whereof he had no need when made; as if whilst he created other men for use and service, he intended him onely, as Artists do some of their neatest but slightest pieces of work to stand upon a stall, hang out upon a sign at the Shop-windows, to show passengers with what the Shop is furnish'd within. Or if you will, you may look upon him as upon the painted signe of a Man hung up in the Aire, onely to be toss'd to and fro, with every wind of Temptation and Vanitie. Such a vain shadow or Picture is he, that were there no more but himselfe I should take the boldnesse to Affirm there were no such Creature as a Man in the world.

To me he seems of no more worth then a Piece of Out-cast Iron, lying uselesse upon the face of the Earth, till his Soul be even eaten away with Rust and Sloath. God made him a Man, but to prove himselfe his own God by a second Creation, he endea-

yours

vours to make himselfe a *Bruit*, nay a senselesse *Carkesse* that only *Cumbers* the *Earth*, & is fit for nothing but to *dung* the ground it lyes upon, and *stinke* in the *Nostrils* of the most High. If ever he *sweat*, it is in pursuit of a *feather*, at his *play* and *sport*, in running away from his *Worke*, and in the chase after his *Ease*: And yet even in that he can never *rest*, this indeed being the Natural fruit of *Idlenesse*, that it makes the *sluggard* weary, not onely of whatsoever he *doth*, but even of *Idlenesse* it self.

#### §. 4 *His Education and Breeding.*

So soon as his *Age* is capable of *Instruction* and *Discipline* he is sent to *School*, or rather by reason of too great an *Indulgence* in his fond *Parents*, the *School* is brought *home* to him; where if the foolish *Mother* do not more awe the *School-master* then he his *Scholar*, the *Rod* and an *empty purse* together do for a while preserve him *himselfe*: But it shall not be long, ere he find room enough *abroad* in the world, wherein he may *lose* himselfe again. Yet

truly it is a great rarity in this Age, to see the earliest *Morning* of *Youth*, unclouded by the *fumes* and vapours of *lust*. It being too usual a thing with the *debauch'd* father, to make his *child*, as we use to say, over early his *Father's own Son*.

Most *Gentlemen* seem to make it a special piece of their *fatherly* care to stave off their *Children* as long as they can from *Virtue* and *Religion*; lest therein resembling *better men* than their *Fathers*, some might take occasion to thinke them *spurious*. To infuse so early into the *Young child* the *graver* Notions of God and Goodnesse, were to make him *Old* before his time, and these would looke no better then so many *wrinkles* and *furrowes* in the *fresh* cheeks of an *Infant*: alas, what were this but an *unspiriting* of the *child*, and laying an unseasonable *Dampe* upon the comely *sprightfulnesse* of *Youth*? 'Tis fit he should be man'd up by *bold* and daring exercises, and as men use their *Hounds*, be *blooded* now when he is young. *Divinitie* and *Moralitie* are supposed too much to *mollifie* & *emasculate* the brave Soule of a *Young Gentleman*, and make it of too *soft* and *facile* a temper

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temper for *Noble* and *Generous* actions. To instruct him how *hereafter* he should manfully resist his *enemies*, he shall *first* be taught to fight against *God* and *Goodnesse*. It is indeed most lamentable to consider how very few of those we call *Gentlemen* endeavour to make their *Children* either *honest-men* or *good Christians*: as if it were their only *businessse* to beget them, and when they are come into the world, to *teach* them by their own *example*, how they may most *unprofitably* spend the short *leavings* of their own *Luxurie*. Thus at their *death* they leave them doubly *Miserable* in bequeathing them, *first*, little to live upon, and *secondly*, many ways to spend it. Indeed the greatest *Charitie* and *Providence* in such *Prodigal Parents*, were either *not* to beget *Children* at all, or to beget them *meer beggars*, that so they might not give them, with their *estates*, so many unhappy *opportunities* of becoming altogether as *bad* as themselves.

But the *Hopeful Youth* must be a *Gentleman*, and in all haste he must be sent to see the *University* or *Inns of Court*; and that before he well knowes what it is to go to *school*. Whither he comes, not to get  
*Learning*



*Learning* or *Religion*, but for *breeding*, that  
 is to enable himselfe hereafter to talke of  
 the *Customes* and *Fashions* of the Place  
 Here he gets him a *Tutor*, and keeps him  
 ( as he doth all things else ) for *Fashion*  
 sake. Such an one who may serve at least  
 as poor *Boyes* do in some *Princes* Courts,  
 to sustaine the blame of the *Young Gentle-*  
*mens* miscarriages, and whom the *Father*  
 may chide and beate when the son is found  
 in a fault: Indeed this care is taken for  
 the good *Tutor* that if his *Scholar* chance  
 to returne home ( as too seldome he does )  
 with either *Scholarship* or *Pietie*, he shall  
 then have the *credit* or *discredit* ( call it  
 which you will ) of making the *Scholar*, or  
 spoiling the *Gentleman*: seeing his *Parents*  
 had taken order he should bring neither  
 of the two along with him. Here perhaps  
 he is permitted to continue a year or two,  
 if he have no *Mother* upon whom he must  
 bestow at least three parts of that time in  
*visits*, else his *Father* knows not well where  
 he may with more *credit* loose so much  
 good time, or if it may be, afraid it will be  
 a greater trouble to keep him at home. In  
 this time he will, in all probability have  
 learn'd

learn'd how to make a choice of his *boon* Companions, how to raile at the *Statutes* and break all good *Orders*; How to wear a *Gandie Suite*, and a *Torn Gown*, To curse his *Tutor* by the name of *Baal's Priest*, and to sell more books in halfe an hour, then he had bought him in a year; To forget the *second* year what perhaps for want of acquaintance with the *Vices* of the place he was forced for a *Passé-time* to learn in the *first*, and then he thinks he has learning enough for him and his heirs for ever.

And now that he may be able to *main-taine* his title to so wretched an *estate*, it is time he should be hastened away to some *Inne of Court* there to study the *Law* as he did the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences* in the *Colledge*. Here his *pretence* is to *study* and *follow* the *Law*, but it's his *Resolution* never to *know* or *obey* it: If in any measure he do apply himselfe to it, it is to this one *end*, that he may know how to *plead* for himselfe when he *breakes* it: or to attain at last to so much more *Law* then *Honestie*, as to cozen him that has more *Honestie* than *Law*. Here indeed he learns to be ( in his

his Notion of the Man ( somewhat more he mis  
Gentleman then before, having now to look u  
Mock-happinesse of a *Licentious* life, and say, b  
Manumission from the *Tyrannie* (as he term and t  
it) of a *School-master* and *Tutor*. This h there  
reckons the happy *Year* of his *Enfranchis* He is  
ment, and in *Commemoration* whereof h resolv  
whole *life time* is to be one continued da *Devil*  
of *rejoycing*. From this time forward he re a *bait*  
solves to be a *Gentleman* indeed, and no love v  
begins to clear himselfe from all *suspicion* o *venter*  
*Goodnesse*, which *constraint* and *feare* make want  
some believe there was a *Possibilitie* of be pluck  
fore.

#### §. 5. His Habit and Garb.

As his *condition of life* seems now to be this  
*New*, so does he endeavour that *all* should the  
appear *New* about him, except his *vices* with  
and his *Religion*; He is too much in love afrai  
with *those*, to *change* them, and the *latter* he own  
cannot *change*, because he never had any. I say  
*Pride* and *Wantonnesse* have a very rare and him  
*readie invention*: here's a *New Garb* New for t  
*Cloathes*, and a *New Bodie* too, O could he is h  
but once get him a *New Soul*, or no *Soul*, a fil  
he

he might be thought happy. When you  
 look upon his *Apparell*, you will be apt to  
 say, he wears his *Heaven* upon his *back*;  
 and truly ( 'tis too much to be fear'd )  
 there you see as much of it, as he ever shall.  
 He is trick'd up in *Gauderies*, as if he had  
 resolved to make his *Bodie* a *Lure* for the  
*Devil*, and with this *Braverie* would make  
 a *baite*, should tempt the *Tempter* to fall in  
 love with him. He looks as if he had pre-  
 vented our first *Mother* in sinning, and  
 wanting *patience* to stay for the fruit, had  
 pluck'd the very *blossomes*, and row wore  
 them about him for *Ornaments*. His *Suite*  
 seems to be made of *Lace* or *Ribbon*, trim'd  
 with *Cloath*. By his *varietie* of *Fashions* he  
 goes nigh to cheat his *Creditors*, who for  
 this reason dare never swear him to be  
 the same man they formerly had to deale  
 withall. his *Mercer* may very well be  
 afraid to lose him in a *Labyrinth* of his  
 own *Cloth*, which yet sits or hangs ( shall  
 I say ) for the most part so *loosely* about  
 him, as if it were ever ready to fly away  
 for fear of the *Scarjeant*. Alas, how often  
 is he proud of a *Feather* in his *Hat*, which  
 a silly *Bird* was but a while ago wearie of  
 carrying

carrying in her *taile*? Do but take him in that condition wherein you may commonly be sure to find him, he will make a complete *walking Tavern*. His *head* and *Feather* will serve both for *sign* and *Bush*.

If you observe but a little his strange *Garbe* and *Behaviour*, either that wherein he walks the *streets*, or that other more *se* and *affected* one reserved for his *forme* of *Complement*, you would conclude he were going to show *Tricks*; I am sure he wants nothing but a *stage* erected for the purpose. He takes as much care and pains to *new-mould* his *Bodie* at the *Dancing-school*, as if the onely *shame* he fear'd were the retaining of that *Forme* which God and *Nature* gave him. Sometimes he walks as if he went in a *Frame*, againe, as if both head and every member of him *turned upon Hinges*. Every step he takes presents you with a perfect *Puppit-play*. And *Rome* it selfe could not in an *Age* have showne you more *Antiques* then one of our *Gentlemen* is able to imitate in *halfe* an hour: whose whole *life* is indeed no other then one *studied* imitation of all the *vanities* imaginable; and by his daily practice, a man would

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guesse there could be no such ready way invented of becoming a *Gentleman*, as to degenerate first into that *Beast*, which now, if ever, is most like a man, an *Ape*. Such an *Honourable* creature has he made *himselfe*, who accounts it below him to be number'd among the *ordinarie* sort of men.

§. 6. *His Language and Discourse.*

His *Language* and *Discourse* are altogether suitable to his *Habit* and *Garbe*; all affected and *Apish*, but indeed for the most part much more *vile*, *sinfull*, and *Abominable*. When it is most *Innocent*, then is it *Idle* and *Light*, and then most *quaint* and *Rhetorical*, when *Drolling* or *Prophane*. Although he make it his whole businesse whensoever he dares to be *Bookish* ( which indeed he dreads as much as any thing but to be Good ) to furnish himselfe with an *Eligant* and *Courtslike* expression; yet will all but amount to this at molt, that sometimes he may be able to talke well, and show us how much he is a better *Speaker* than a *man*: That he shall be able to carve out his *Language* into some of the most

most *Modish* and *Dissembling* Complements, and to *Interlard* and affected discourse, with many an *Impertinent Parenthesis*. And there amidst all this his *Time-observing* hand and foot do so point, accent and adorn all with *Curious & Phantastick flourishes*, that his words are often as much lost in his *Actions*, as his sense in his words.

A piece of noisie *Bombast* denominates him one of the great *Wits*, where the substance of his discourse (if it have any) is dress'd up in so rude and *Antique* a form, that staring (as it were) the bearer in his face, it goes nigh to scare him out of his *Wits*.

If *Don Quixot* or some *Romance* more in Fashion, can but furnish him with a few *New-coyn'd* words, and an *Idle tale* or two to make up his talk at the next *Ordinarie*, in his own fond *Conceit* and by the votes of his simple Companions, he is carried up to *Heaven*; a wanton piece of *Drollerie* will send him beyond it.

To be truly *Ingenious* is not the way to *Humour* his *Frolick* Companions, and therefore he is put to study out something else which must serve for a while instead of

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Wit and 'tis strange, he can thinke of nothing will do this so weil as *flat foolerie*; for most perfectly such is that *drolling* vein wherein he is so frequently industrious to shew himsele a *witty fool*: What a *learned Age* is this we live in, when he is the best *Companion* for a *Gentleman*, who can best act the *Rustick*, and most facilely imitate the *Rudenesse* and *Flatnesse* of his *Language*? and when he alone must be esteem'd the *Wit*, who can *neatliest* play the fool to Humour *Mad Men*? To be *sober* or *serious* in the *Gentlemans Dictionary*, signifies just as much as to be *Dull* and *Blockish*. A *Phancy* which dares not roave about, beyond the limits of *Sobriety* and *discretion*, nor proclaime her selfe to be most *affectedly prophane*, or as industriously *Vain* and *Idle*, is a *Bird* that has no *note* sweet enough for his *Cage*. 'Tis a wonderfull thing to see, how the *Apish Ingenuity* of this Age, has cut the very throat of all *sober Invention*, and *Genuine Wit*. A *Mimical* tone, A *Phatastick* action, a *couchant sence*, and a *Phrase Rampant*, quarter the *Coat* of our Modern *Gentile Wit*. Such are the *spongy Ears*

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of most Companions, that they will *suck* in nothing but *froth*: And the *Gentleman* looks upon him as a poor *solitarie fool*, who will not thus make himselfe an *Asse* for *companie*.

But (alas) all these are but the *Innocent recreations* of his *Tongue*: wherein it *sports* it selfe in its *Infancie*, ere it attain to that *nimbleness & volubility* of expression which becomes a *Gentleman*. He is not alwaies delighted in these *soft walks*; but as he grows more a *man*, he choseth him *rougher paths*, and more *manly exercises*. By degrees he steps up from *Idleness*, and *Emptinesse*, *foolerie* and *drollerie*, to *scurrility & obloquie*; when at every step he *tramples* some good Mans *Honour* in the *Dust*; at each word he *spits* in the face of his *Betters*, and labours to *bespatter*, with the *Dirt* of *Infamy* and *Disgrace*, every *name* and *reputation* that stands above his *own*: And you may be sure he will ever throw the *blackest dirt* upon the *fairest face*, where it may certainly do the greatest *mischiefe*, and be most *conspicuous*. Like an experienced *Archer*, he never misses the *white*: but (as good luck is) such is the *Impenetrabilitie* of *Innocence*, when  
darts

darted at by the poyson'd *Arrows* of Envy, he never holes it. If this black *breath* of his could *blow out*, or *eclipse* those *Lights* that shine *brightest*, we should not have one *star* left in *Virtues heaven*: And those *Lights* which were sent into the *World* to guide him timely and truly out of it into a *better*, he *first* endeavours to *extinguish*, that so he may without *check* or *shame* wander through all the *works* of *darknesse* into *Hell*. What so often in his mouth, as, that which he never names, but with the *deepest* accent of *scorn* and *disdain*, a *paltrie Parson*? and he does not stick often to tell him to his face, that when he comes to have as much *wit* as *zeal* he will begin to tell him another *tale* then that of *Heaven*; that he may do welll to keep him to his *Tub*, and tell a *precise storie*, once or twice a week to his *Ignorant Auditors* in his *Countrie Church*, and forbear to read *Lectures* of *Godlinesse* to persons whom he should be afraid to look upon but at a *distance*. That he brought more learning from *school* with him, then all the *Canonick Cassocks* and *Girdles* in the *Nation*, with all their tough *Logical Notions*, and *knottie Mesaphysicks* shall be ever able to contain.



With a thousand more such like *ravings* of a wild and *Atheistical* brain. I shall willingly forbear to *personate* him any farther in them lest he might think me *able* (as I hope I shall never be ) to reach the *Frantick* strain of his loose and prophane *Raileries*.

Neither are his *discourses* lesse *beastly* then *divellish*, lesse *filthie* then *malicious*. So foul, *obscene*, and *nauseous*, for the most part are his *words*, that some one or other as little *acquainted* with a God as *himself* will be apt to conclude, that Nature *spoil'd* him in the making, and set his *Mouth* at the *wrong end* of his *Bodie*. Certainly there must be a *corrupted* and *putrified* *Soul* within, whence there daily *streams* out so much odious and *stinking* *breath*. Indeed so strangely is the *Gentlemans* *Palate* distemper'd by this same loathsome *Disease*, that he can now relish just nothing but the very *Excrements* of *Discourse*. He is not only taken with the *wanton* *Language* and *Lascivious* *Dialect* of *Love*, wherein to accomplish himself, he makes it too much his business to collect what he can out of all the loose *Pastorals*, *Beastly* *Poems*, and *Bawdie* pieces of *Drollery*, which by their *number* seem to

turn

turn our *Book-sellers* shops into so many *zakes*: but he takes a great deal of pleasure to lick with his *tongue* the nauseous *Botches*, and putrified *sores*, and the infectious *Le-prosies* of *Wit*. O how does he delight to dwell upon the sore place of an obscene *Poem*! and he never commends the *Poet* for any thing but his *Infirmities*. He is no companion for the *Gallants* of late, who will not once at least before the close of every *Period* commit *Lip-Adultery*. As there is not any more filthy vice of the tongue then this, so neither do I ever find the *Gentleman* more in love with any other. Except it be that one which I am now to name.

And that is it, which indeed I tremble to mention, though he esteems it the greatest grace and Ornament of his Discourse. I mean *Swearing*. For as the *Gentleman* seems continually to measure out his time by sins in stead of minutes, so his louder Oaths, were they not so very frequent, might well be compared to the great Clock, which gives us notice how his *Hours* passe. This is that pleasing part of his Language, wherein he so ordinarily bids defiance to his God, and so powerfully courts the Devil, with whom

by this means he has a frequent *Converse* as if he were his *Familiar*. And he has so great a variety of these *Hellish complements*, that the *Master* of that Language, *Sathan* himself may in a little time stand in need of an *Interpreter* to understand him.

This is a *sin* to which there are so few colourable *Inducements* or *Provocations*, that herein, or not all, the *Gallant* shews his *Proficiencie* under that good *Master* He serves, and proves how *straight* he can goe to *Hell*, and how *fast*, without a *guide* or *baite*. Here indeed he seems to cry out upon *Eve* for a *lazier* and *dull* sinner, whilst in every *Oath* he loudly *swears* that *Soul* not to be worth a *damning*, which cannot *sin* without a *temptation*. 'Tis here he expresses his great *Charitie* to the *Devil*, for as if he were afraid the *Tempter* should have too great a Load of *Other mens sins* at the *Last* and *great* day of accounts, he freely *exempts* him from putting his *helping hand* to some of his sins, and openly professes he is able to go far enough *out* of the way to *Heaven* without a *Seducer*.

How many horrible and hideous *Oaths* doth

doth he dayly *invent*, onely to *swell up his cheeks*, and makes his words sound *high and big* in the ears of those that *tremble* not to hear him? with what *boldness* and *pride* does he abuse Gods most *Holy* and *tremendous Name*, by making it a *cloak & varnish* to set off his most *false, loose, and prophane* speeches. As if indeed he had this desperate design upon Almighty God, to render his sacred *Name odious* to the world, by taking it so often into his *prophane lips*.

Unto *this* we may here adde that *other* as common extravagancy of his *Tongue*, which is the *abusing* and making a *Mock* of Gods *Word*, as well as his *Name*. His *Rhetorick* seems all *Low* and *Flat* so long as his *Metaphors* lye on *this* side *Prophaneness*, but when he has once got a *trick* to *heave up his cheeks*, and *set his face against the Heavens*, and to *emboyl* his discourse with a *Rumbling Oath*, then he begins to think himself an *Orator* with a *Witness*.

### §. 7. *His Religion and Conversation.*

I am afraid it is now too late to tell you what is the *Gentlemans Religion*, seeing he

has so very little either of *honesty* or *humanity*. The *sad* truth is, he is so far from being indeed *religious*, that he is *ashamed* of nothing so much as that any man should have the *charitie* to *thinke* him so. Against this *Ignominious* brand of a *Godly* man, he takes the readiest course he can to *vindicate* himselfe, that is openly to *deride* all those that own it, *laughing* aloud at all such as have more *Religion* then *himselſe*. The chief *Ceremony* of his *Religion* next to that of *blaspheming* his *God*, is lustily to *curse* the *Devil*: and to *de-claime* both against *Heaven* and *Hell* in a breath. It is below a *Gentleman* to be a *Beggar*, though at the *Gates* of *Heaven*, & the *Throne* of *Grace*, and he does as much *scorn* to say his *Prayers*, as to beg his *bread*. Nothing but *Necessity* can persuade him to do *either*. *Devotion* and *Humilitie* are names wholly inconsistent with *Nobilitie* and *Gallantrie*: These become not that *brave Heroick Spirit*, which had rather chuse to *starve* even his *soul* to all *eternitie*, then to receive *salvation* it selfe at the *expense* of a *petition*. 'Tis for such *faint hearted* creatures as have not the *courage* to *undergo* with *Alacritie* the *torments* of *Hell* fire,



to stoop so low, as to beg an *Heaven* on their knees: Alas he sees no such lovelinesse in the things above, as may oblige him to so submissive a Courtship: And yet he is so confident to enjoy them all at last, as if he thought God would be beholding to him for accepting his blessings: or as some foolish lovers take occasion to double their addresses from the unkindnesse of a Coy Mistressse, God would the more earnestly importune him to be saved, the more disdainfully he looks upon salvation.

If ever the Gentleman appears at Church, it is but to give you a testimony of his courage, whereby he shows how he dares sometimes venture upon what he most fears. But then he behaves himself so proudly there, as if he would command the great God of Heaven and Earth to keep his distance: and he may be sure, so he will, for he will draw nigh unto none but such as will first draw nigh unto him. But sometimes his appearance in the holy Assembly argues more Cowardice than Courage, and shews that he fears the Constable more then God: and to be religious more then appear so. Here if he stay long, he is no lesse pain'd in hearing the

the Sermon, then if both his Ears were fast nailed to the Pillorie. To prevent tediousness, and to give himself as much ease as may be, he picks up here and there something from the Preacher to make merry with, at the next meeting; Or else he meditates upon the Games as they sit in their Sundaies beauties; and then he returns from the Church, as most do who come thither with no better intentions, ten-times more an Atheist then he came.

But as fast as the Gentlemans Atheism has taught him to jeer and laugh at all those who are so soft-hearted, as to professe a Religion, so well has their Religion taught them to pity and pray for him that has none.

If the Gallant have no estate (as many who think themselves Gentlemen have none) he makes his vices his trade, and so trafficks first for a living, and then for damnation. The Tavern, for the most part, is his Exchange, where having prepared the way for one wickedness by another, some drunken cheat is usually the Enriching Bargaine. and this, when discoverd'd, must pass by the name of an Ingenious Frolick. Here he lies drinking out the day, except he be forced to sleep out the

the last nights Intemperance. This is the stage of his wit and wantonness: where he thinks himself a *Champion*, when he can kick two down stairs at once, the *drawer* and his *Bottle*, and sound the *Alarm* to the *skirmish* in a loud peal of new fashion'd *curses*. After all is done there, he walks the *streets* as light in his head as his *purse*, and much oftner salutes the *Pavement* then the *Passengers*.

He drinks as *stoutly*, as if he meant to carry *liquor* enough with him in his *Belly* to quench the *flames* of *Hell*; or rather as if he meant to *drink* himself so far into a *Beast* as he might thereby become *incapable* of *Damnation*. When he has drunk his fill, he studies how to make the next young *Heir* he meets with *pay* the *Reckoning*. If he chance to meet with some poor *Innocent Lady*, whom a *sweet word* or two may make his *miterale prey*, he makes a shift to scruve a *ring* or two off her *finger*, and this will both pay the *shot*, and his *common* *she* for his next night *Lodging*.

In a word, this *Ranting Gentleman* is a *Golden*, or at least a *gilded Sinner*, a *Royal slave*, a *Prodigal Spark*, one who hates no *name* so much as that of *Christian*; because  
he

he is afraid it would make him *melancholly*. He travels over the wide *world* of sin, till he have as little *Money* as *Religion*, and no more *credit* then *money*. So that he is usually at last constrain'd either to lie *hid*, and so become his own *Prisoner*, or to pawn his *Body* to his *Galer* for his *chamber*, or else to become a *Citizen* of the *World*, and so at last is *every where* at home, because he is indeed at home *no where*.

§. 8. *An Apologie for this part of the Character.*

Perhaps you may here expect my *Apologie* for making so *bold* with the *Gallant*, as in the foregoing lines I have done, which I am so far from *acknowledging* my self *obliged* to do, that I shall hardly obtain mine own *pardon* for being no *bolder*. 'Tis out of no other *respect* than a tender *compassion* to his *Person*, and a most perfect *hatred* of his *vices*, that I here take leave of him. In good earnest (Sir) I have not the *patience* to follow him any farther, no not in those *paths* where in he *walks* with so much *Pride* and *Complacencie*. If he think I have used him too

*unkind*.

unkindly, I shall onely answer, that its not  
halt so ill as he uses himself: who by being  
so much his own *Enemie*, has found out a  
very easie way for his *best friends* to be so  
too, and yet solve the *Contradiction* by an  
obvious *distinction* betwixt his *Spiritual* &  
his *Carnal self*.

I thank God, I have learn'd to *hate a vice*  
in my *best friend*, and the more I hate it, the  
*better I love* my friend, whom I shall ever  
wish so well, as that he may continue for  
ever *virtuous*, that so I may for ever have  
his *Friendship*. And I have as well learn'd  
to love the *soul* of my most *vicious enemie*,  
and the rather because I know my *Saviour*  
did as much for me.

I dare not think a *sinner* needs my pray-  
ers one jot the less; but much more my *pitty*,  
because he pretends to be a *Gentleman*. I  
am sure he would say as much himself, if  
he could but seriously consider what *distin-*  
*ction* of blood or degrees there is to be ex-  
pected in *hell*, or what *respect* will there be  
shewn to the *Son* of a *Prince* more than to  
a *Beggar*. Which was best rewarded, the  
*Noble Dives*, or the *poor* and so long despi-  
sed *Lazarus*; A *Captive* is still to be look'd  
upon



upon as a *Captive*, though it be his lot to lie bound in *Fetters of Gold*, and to have a stately *Palace* for his *Prison*: Nor shall I think that *Malefactors* torment much the lesse, who has the *honour* at his *excecution* to have his *Fatal Pile* made up of all the richest *Spices of Arabia*. How great an *Happinesse* found he in his *death*, whose sentence it was to be *smother'd* to death in a *Bed of Roses*? That *Prisoner* may be in a *merry*, but in no very good condition, who, when he should be singing *Psalms* unto his *God*, and so with the *Captive Apostles* set his *Soul at Liberty*; when he should on the *wings of Devotion* send her out with *Noahs Dove*, to fetch in the *Olive-branch of Peace* and *Libertie* from *Heaven*; when he should do all this, can yet in a *rough Note*, and some *wild disjointed Catch*, Crown his *Cups*, and *Invoke* the *curs'd inhabitants* of *Hell* in an *Health* to the *Devil*: whatever others better bred and of a more *gentile Education* may think of him, I shall never be able to commend such a mans *courage* and *Alacrity*: But this I shall (I hope) be able to do, with all the due *affections* of a *Charitable Christian*, bewale his *Madnesse*, Lament his *Follie*,

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*Folly*, and earnestly pray that God would at length in great *mercy*, restore him to his *lost self* and *senses*. Thus would I hold my self bound to pray for a *Mad-man*, and truly no otherwise for our *English Gallant*: For were it my purpose to shew how *easily* a man might *be*, rather than how *hard* it is for him *not* to be *Satirical* upon so *foul* a Subject; or did I not more desire with *oil* to *heal*, then with *salt* and *vinegar* to *vex* his wounds, I could, without the least *wresting*, fully apply unto the *Person* we speak of, all the *Symptoms* and *degrees* of the most *extream* *madnesse* or *brutish* *folly* imaginable. But I leave him here, and for those others which are behind I shall study more *Brevitie* if not lesse *Bitternesse*.

SECT:



## SECT. II.

§. 1. *The second sort of Gentlemen not to be reckon'd amongst those which are truly such.*

I Would not have you think ( Sir ) that I have done with the *spurious Gentleman* when I have done with the *Gallant*. I should do some *violence* to the *true Gentlemans virtues*, should I say all that are not included in the foregoing *Character* are just such as *he*, and deal somewhat too *severely* with him of whom I am now to speak, it I should conclude all that are *none* of the *best*, to be the *very worst*. I find my selfe therefore necessitated to say a little of another, who, though he may be thought by many degrees above the *former*, yet have I no reason to call him a *Saint*. If we eye the *common course* of his life, and his *ordinarie conversation*; we may perhaps discover in him something more of *modesty*, &c the man,

then

then in the former, yet shall we not finde much more then what is to be read in those two names, of Religion or the Christian: At best, he has in him only so much of Christianitie as may save his credit in this world, not his soule in the other. And of this sort is, (alas I may too truly say) the far greatest part of our English Gentry: I must include very many of our Nominal Nobilitie, & not a few of the Real too, I mean as far as blood alone will make them so, under this Head.

This indeed is that Gentleman, whether of Citie or Countie, whom his neighbours, as well as himself, do too often, for want of a better, flatter into Some-bodie. One, who though he has more discretion then to be stark-mad, and more sobrietie than to dwell in a Tavern, or to transform his own house (as to too many chuse to do) into a perfect Bedlam: I am sure there wants very little of it in many, but the correction and discipline: Though he be not fully arrived at the very height of vanitie, nor can yet take a pride, be at the idle expence both of estate & honour, to purchase an irremediable poverty to his heirs and to himself the empty title of Spark & Gallant: Yet he can hardly perswade me

to believe the *principles* whereby he is kept within these *bounds* of *modesty* and *sobriety*, such as may merit him the *name* of *Gentleman* or *Christian*. Indeed the greatest *difference* betwixt him and the *Gallant*, seemes to be *this*, that whereas the *Gallant* is the very *spume* and *froth* of *Nobilitie*, which ever works *upwards*, impatient of a *confinement* within any *limits* whatsoever, but alwayes *flies out* by reason of it's extraordinary *levitie* into *emptinesse* and *aire*; this other *Gentleman* like the *lees* and *dregs*, by reason of too great a mixture and participation of more *gross* and *Terrene* parts, *settles* wholly *downwards* till he come to the very *bottom* of all *baseness*: Such *lees*, though at present, of some more *use* than the other, yet will they at length prove good for *nothing* but to be thrown away.

§.2. *Severall sorts of such Gentlemen.*

Such a *Gentleman* as he who hath a good *estate*, and a full *Chest*, and *these*, excepting a *Coat of Armes*, & a few old *Pictures*, bung up in his *Parlor* or *Gallery* to let strangers see who were his *Father* and *Mother*,  
are



are all he has to show for his Nobilitie: and yet his too great care in preserving these, is for the most part, that whereby he forfeits his Honour. For as the Former freely spent his estate to make him a Gallant, so this latter as freely parts with all Gallantry to save his estate. If nature have blessed him with some good parts & faculties, and if the care of his Parents have added many more excellent ornaments & accomplishments of a Gentleman, yet there alwaies appears some abatement or other in his bearing, which disgraces all: And there is that base alloy of (I know not what) dross, in his best gold, which renders it uncurrent, and altogether useless both to himselfe and all the world besides. In some this is covetousnesse, and love of the world; in others 'tis cowardice, and a poore spirit; in a third sort, Lazinesse, and a love of ease; and in many others pride and a vain glorious humour. Though in favour to the Gentleman, or rather to the world, lest it might seem to be quite void of all such things as true Gentry and Nobility; men are willing very often to bestow upon them too good names; calling the first providence and a naturall care: the second pru-

dence, and a commendable policie: The third a good-nature, and a peaceable minde: And the last, Noble and brave Spirit, and a piece of necessarie state. I confesse I am as ready as any man to cast into him all the allowances he can in any reason demand, or I with safety grant him, & all will be little enough to make him full weight for a Gentleman. But he must pardon me, if I love not to hear good names thus grossly abused: nor to see the most beloved and plausible vices passe so currantly & unquestioned for virtues. Call them what we will, and make them as good as we can, as they are enough to sink the Gentleman as far below his name as hell is below Heaven; so have they been too effectual and prevalent of late, to the chuaking up all breathings of true Religion & Pietie, and to the bringing a glorious Church and flourishing Kingdom, to say no worse, into a very low and ruinous condition. And this I dare be bold to affirm, though I take not my self for a Politician, that let us all pretend and endeavour to what we can, till we can make these gilded vices to be known & owned by their own names, we shall have smal reason to hope for a settled Church, or peaceable

*peaceable state.* I wish I had a *salve*, which applied to the *Gentlemans blind eye*, might take of the *Pearl*, and make him see this truth.

§ 3, *The Provident Gentleman.*

The *Provident Gentleman* (as he loves to hear himselfe miscall'd) is one who is ever putting the question with him in *Job*, *What profit is there in the service of the Almighty?* If you could once perswade him to believe that every good gift comes from above, and that *whosoever asks shall indeed receive*, you would soon see him grow *religious*, & hear him saying his *prayers* in good earnest: But alas, so long as he can make a shift to fill up his *Coffers* by *delving* in the dirt, you must give him leave to continue *Infidel* in these particulars. He is content to hear of *glorifying God*, till you come to tell him he must do it with *his substance*, but then it becomes an *hard saying*, and he'll hear, you of that at a *more convenient time*; perhaps he means it upon his *death bed*. So little is he in *love* with, or *sensible* of what you call *Honour*, that allow him the *gain* and *profit*, let God

or any one else it's all one to him ) take the other. This Gentleman has just as much God and Religion as a full chest will hold, his God and his gold like Hippocrates his Twins, live and thrive, and are sick & die together: & yet it were much to be wished he were but halffo induttrious to preserve the one, as he is to keep the other. Insteed of laying up his treasure in Heaven, he lays up his Heaven in his Treasurie, and, if God will be content with it so, he shall be sure to have his heart there too. Covetousnesse, I dare say, in such as he, is the greatest Idolatry: I am confident he would fall down & worship the Image of a Nero, nay of a Devil, rather then want the single penny that beares it. You will have much adoe to convince him of the truth of the Apostles proposition, That godlinesse is great gaine, except you will grant him that this is a Logicall Conversion, and not to be questioned that great gain is godlinesse. If with the Silver-smith he can by his craft get his wealth, then shall Religion become his trade, and the Church his forge: But till then you must give him leave to be a worshiper of his great Goddesse Diana So far is he from putting in practice that good  
and

and wholsome advice, to be careful in nothing but in every thing to give thanks: that he dares never read the text but backwards *Give thanks for nothing, but in every thing be carefull.* He cannot esteem it a true piece of providence to make the day content with its own labour, but on the contrary he gives every day the trouble of caring for many years, & therefore is ready to phancy himself far from the *Rich Fools* condition in the Gospel, because he never yet could allow his Soul her *Requiem*, or thinketh that he had enough for many yeares.

He takes much more paines to leave his Children rich than good, & had rather give them a portion then a blessing. The main advice he gives them is to be thrifty and good husbands, let them make themselves godly and good Christians. All the learning he intends to bestow upon them, is so much *Latine* as will fit them for understanding a Bond, & so much *Arithmetick* as may secure them from the dishonestie of an unjust Steward: If he suppose the book may be made a thrifty diversion to keep the from the greater expence of the Tavern or their game. he may perhaps allow something toward a study



And be sure ) he will be carefull enough, to give them so much *Law* as may be sufficient to *maintain* their own *rights*, and *raise* their *Tenants*.

If he go constantly to *Church*, 'tis more to *serve himself* then his *God*. Often because he hopes by being his frequent *Auditor*, he may *oblige* the *Person* to let him his *Tithes* at a *low rate*, or to *believe* him a man of *conscience*, that so he may *defraud* him of his *dues* without *suspicion*. For the most part this *Gentleman* is the *Patron*, or has the *Impropriation*, and yet, whilest he and his family grow *fat* by *feasting* upon the *bread* of the *Alter*, he *grudges* him who *dispenses* *freely* of the *bread of life* the very *crumbs* that *fall* from his *table*. The *Church* of *God* thus often *starves* for want of *food*, whilest such *dogs* eat up the *childrens bread*: Such mens whole *lives* are but so many *continued Sacriledges*, and all they can *allege* for themselves comes but to this, that they *hold* their *sin* as their *land*, by right of *inheritance* from their *Ancestors*: Their *coffers* grow full by *robbing* the *Sanctuary*, & at every meal with their *sacrilegious teeth*. like so many *ravenous Wolves* or *Vultures*, they *teare* in pieces

pieces the *Bodie* of Christ's languishing spouse: but let her die, the provident Gentleman had rather see her *Carkeſſ* then his chests grow empty; and if by her death he may peaceably enjoy her *revenues*, he will hardly mourn, but as such enriched heirs use to do, at her funeral.

It is long since this good man turned *charitie* out of doors, as an *unthrifty Housewife*, and one that made it her businessse to throw all away. The poor come and go about his gates, as hungry birds about a painted *Vine*, at best they meet with an *hard crust* and *harder language*. He loves not thus to lend his money, though it be to the Lord, except he would give him *bond* to return him eight in the hundred here in this world. When our Saviour tells him of an hundred for one here below, & eternal life hereafter in heaven, he hath as little faith to believe, as patience to wait for such a reward: yet he could almost wish, upon condition the former part of the promise might be made good to him, without persecution; that the latter might be reserved for such who can fancy a God in Heaven, better than a thousand pound in hand.

If

If this Gentleman can but so far *denie* fore  
*himself* as to do no open *violence* or *injury* cessar  
 to any man, if he can arrive at that degree charg  
 of *Christianity* which will enable him to such  
 reach the *negative* part of *Justice* and *chari-* neces  
*ty*, he is apt to think he has made a fair pro to m  
 gress in the way to Heaven. And yet (God oi w  
 knows) he ordinarily mistakes this part too. some  
 For to win *another's* estate by some *quillet* then  
 in the Law, or by *bribing* a *Judg*, to over of hi  
 reach his poor neighbour in a hard *bargain*; C  
 to take *advantage* of a needy persons pre curr  
 sent *necessity*, and accordingly raise the who  
 price of his *Commodity*; to *exact* first more fort  
 then he is able to pay, and then make him can  
 pay *use* for his *disability*; to send a poor na toul  
 ked soul to *Bridewell* instead of an *hospital*, ame  
 to the *Stocks* instead of a *Bed*, to call him too  
*knave* & *vagabond*, that he may have a pre & f  
 tence not to *relieve* him: to suffer a languish fer  
 ing creature to *dye* in the *street*, whilest he all  
 had enough to *spare* wherewith to *feed* and rat  
 cloath him; Or to permit a *breach* in the ren  
 walls of *Jerusalem*, when a small *sum* out par  
 of his *purse* would *repair* it; These he can ou  
 by no means reckon amongst the *species* of lit  
*injustice*, or as *defects* in *charity*, but there Oa  
 fore.

fore counts all good duties as things unnecessary & no way obliging, indeed because chargeable and seemingly burthensome, and such as contradict that thrifty forecast, and necessary providence he holds himself tyed to maintain. He thinks it a greater degree of wisdom to trust Gods providence now for some miraculous relief of the present poor, then to rely upon it for the after-enrichment of his posterity.

Certainly this is the thing that passes so currently for providence, even among those who are counted the wiser & more religious sort of our English Gentlemen: but if this can belong to Christianity, then must covetousness and a worldly mind be reckoned amongst our Christian virtues. It is ( alas ) too evident what good friends such virtues & such Gentlemen have been of late to our Jerusalem, whilest our richest gallantrie has all along, in these calamitous times, chosen rather, by a kind of constrained bounty to reward the Demolishers; then voluntarily to part with a farthing to pay the builders of our ruined Sion. Besides this, it is not a little to be feared that those many contrary Oathes and Engagements, Vows and Protestations

testations, which with the help of this *saucy* of providence have been so readily *swallowe* (I fear I may say) by the greatest part of our Gentry, will at last expose their *Souls* within no lesse to *corruption*, then the *con*trary *qualities* do their *bodies* without. how happy might this poor Nation have been even to this day, had not the rich Gentleman, under pretence of a *Natural affection* & a *necessary providence*, set an higher estimate upon his own *chest*, than the *Ar* of God; upon his own *Barn*, then the *Lords Temple*; had he not loved his *interest* more than his *religion*, the safety of his *body* more then the *salvation* of his *soul*, his *natural children* more then his *Heavenly Father*, and his *money* above them all.

#### §. 4. *The Prudent Gentleman.*

By this short view I have given you of the *provident Gentleman*, I suppose you will grant him to be none of those we may call the *best*, or such as it might be wished, we had many of in our Nation: And truly the *Prudent Gentleman*, I mean him who is nowadays known by that name, is not of much nobler dye: very often you shall find



him to be the very same alwaies very neer of kind to the former. Cowardise is as much afraid to be known, & therefore as loath to walk without her mask as coverousness, and would as gladly arrogate to her self the never more abused names, then now, of a wise caution, and a Christian prudence; as that other of a virtuous thrift and necessarie providence.

Instead of being ( as wisdom commanded his Disciples ) wise as serpents, Gentlemen are become meer Serpents in wisdom, and have rendred themselves very capable of that commendable character, which was long ago given to the Serpent, They are more subtle then all the beasts of the field, and the prudence they boast of, & under which they vail a carnal mind, and a carking cowardise soul, is nothing else but a worldly policie, or rather a Devillish subtiltie. They have made one half of the text quarrel with and justle the other quite out of their Bibles, advancing the wisdom of the serpent to so high and intense a degree, that it cannot admit the least proportion of the holy Doves more necessary innocence. Such a foraminous piece of Network has Christian prudence been

been made of late, that these *glib serpents* *Politicians* can so wind themselves in & at pleasure, as if they meant neither God nor man should ever know certainly who to have them.

It is a very famous piece of the Gentleman's prudence to endeavour to out-wit an All-wise God, and to go about to put fallacies upon him out of his own word, often making even Gods most righteous precepts the topicks of his disobedience. How frequently endeavours he to cloak the violation of Gods law, by a pretended obedience to another, and by setting Gods commands at variance with another, thinks to steal away his beloved sin, & not to be taken notice of? He dares not take up his cross & follow Christ, lest he should become *felo de se*, accessory to his own death: nor knows he how to forsake Father & Mother for Christs sake, without a breach of the fifth commandment, which binding him to honour both, he cannot see how he may in any sense forsake either. He dares not part with houses and lands, for fear he might seem to despise Gods good blessings; nor hazard his estate in the vindication of his Religion & his Loyalty, lest he should

should be said to have thereby *thrown away* the opportunities of expressing his *bounty & his charitie*: He knows how much he is obliged not to *denie Christ before men*, and to give an account of his *faith* to such as demand it of him; but when he produces a text which tells him of *dayes wherein the prudent shall keep silence*, and these *dayes* he supposes still present, whensoever his *person or estate* may be *endanger'd* by an *open heart*, or an *ingenious tongue*. He will be ready to suffer *persecution* for the *gospel of Christ*, and, with *St. Paul*, to be *bound* and to *dye*: but this must only be when his *prudence* is at a *loss*, and he can find out no way *just or unjust* to avoid all this. As long as there are *shifts* enow left him, such as *dissembling language*, *covert engagements*, *cunning flatteries*, *treacherous compositions*, *pettie contributions*, *underhand compliances*, in things both *Civil and Religious*, he thinks he wants no *honest evasions*, to secure both *life & livelyhood*. Thus he is content to let him down in *quietness*, whilst the *enemies of Gods Church* advance in *troops & armies* against her; and thinks it enough, when he can say he *wishes* all well, & *praises for the peace of Jerusalem*.

It

It were no *prudence openlie* to declare his *opinion*, or to *aſt* on any ſide; alas he is but *one ſingle man*, and *one's* as good as *none* againſt the ſtream of the *multitude*, not conſidering that where *one* does not *joyn* with *one*, there can be no *multitude*. There are *other champions* enow in the world to vindicate her quarrell, ſuch as have no *eſtate* to look after, no *families* to provide for, when if all were of *his mind*, there would not be ſo much as *one*; and beſides, who has greater reason to *labour* than he that has already received ſo great a *ſhare* of his *wage*? What though he freely *gives away* a large portion of his *goods* to the enemies of God, it is but the way to *ſecure* the reſt for better purposes. What though he be conſtrained with fair *ſpeeches* to flatter up the *tranſgreſſors* in their iniquities? his *heart*, for all this ſhall be for God, his *prayers* for the Church, and he is as good a *Chriſtian*, and as *loyal* a *ſubject* *within* as the beſt. Alas, tis no great matter to *comply* a little in outward things, to lay an hand upon a *Bible*, to *invock* the *ſacred Name* of God, and *ſeemingly* to renounce *Religion* and *Loyaltie*; God knows he *intends* no ſuch matter, but only takes

this

this course to keep his *Family* from ruine<sup>d</sup> and to preierve himse<sup>l</sup>ve safe and whole to do God and his Church more service hereafter.

It is all one with him to go to Church or Conventicle, so he may by frequenting either be thought to favour the Religion in Fashion, and so not be suspected an *Enemie* to the God that rules the man in power with a sword in his hand - He can take a great deale of paines, rise early, and go far, to encourage a seditious Lecture, and when Sermon's done, with an *Hypocriticall* face smile upon the Preacher, and inviting him home with him witnesse his thanks & approbation in a good dinner: but he holds it imprudence to frequent the true worship and service of God, which the excellencie thereof and the command of his superiours commends to his conscience, lest he should be thereby thought ill-affected to that Religion, which he would have good men believe his soule abhors. He dares countenance Rebellion and sacriledge both with his tongue and purse, but esteems it dangerous, and therefore (without all doubt) *Imprudence*, to contribute so much as a good looke to the Encouragement



of the truly Religious and Vertuous, lest he should be suspected by the prosperous sinner, an Enemy to Treason and Wickedness.

Till we can find a way how to cast out this Prudent Devil, which (as the Prophets tell us) is wise to do evill, but to do good has no understanding; we shall ever hear this possessed Gentleman crying out with the Demoniac in the Gospel, What have we to do with thee, Jesus thou Son of God? Why art thou come to torment us before our time? Such a perfect Gout is this prudent Cowardise, that the lame Gentleman ever cries out at the very sight of any thing that looks like Religion, as if it would come too near him & touch him upon the sore place. So sad a thing is it to stand in fear of health, lest it should make us sick, to tremble at the sight of what would bring us to Heaven, lest we should lose our Earth: & to take so much anxious care to preserve the body whole, for fear a courteous woman should set upon the door, and give the soule leave to fly out into Heaven and be at rest.

If such men be truly prudent, then are all true Christians undoubtedly fools: Or if this over-warinesse be no more but a prudent and Religious caution, then are most of our En-

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*gliff* Gentlemen ( which I have not yet charity enough to believe ) *Prudent Christians*. But ( alas ! ) *Neutrality* hangs too much betwixt two, ever to come so high as Heaven: and a cold indifference comes so far short of that necessary zeal, which is the unfailing consequent of true *Piety*, that it is impossible it should ever be Crown'd with eternall happinesse. He that is not deeply in love with his God, cannot place his absolute felicity in the fruition of God; and he that is afraid to do any thing, or thinks it prudence to suffer nothing for him, is not in love with him. God has long agoe told the Gentleman, and all others, how much of another temper he must be who will live for ever, instructing him with an immediate contrariety there is betwixt being for God and against him; so that there can be no mean left for such a prudent indifference, betwixt fighting under Christs Banner, and being the Devils Souldiers. Moderation, 'tis true, in things of Indifferencie is a commendation; but the Gentleman needs fear as little that he can be over-zealous in a good matter here upon earth, as that he may be over-happy in Heaven. As there be no Angels but such as

are either *very good*, or *very bad*, so every *Gentleman* is either a *Saint* indeed, or else *starke naught*. He that *sits still* shall come as *soon to Hell* as he that *sweats in pursuit* of it. But whosoever hopes to come to *Heaven*, he must *ever run*, and with his face *that way* if he will be sure to *obtain*. I would wish that *Gentleman* who has not the heart to *confesse Christ before men*, to consider, how he can have the *courage* to beare *Christ denying him before his Father* which is in *Heaven*, or to endure those *torments* in *Hell* which he shall be sure to undergoe for not *confessing him here upon Earth*. Such a *Luke warme soule* is so *Nauseous* unto God, that he must at last *spue him out* into the *Bottomlesse pit*.

If this be *Christian prudence*, to secure an *Estate*, or preserve a *Family*, or save a life by being *frigid*, and so *Spiritlesse* in our *Profession*, as may make us *nauseated* by God, and let us at such a distance from *Heaven*, a true *Christian* shall have as little reason to envy the *Gentleman* his *Prudence*, as the *pope* the *Church of England* has cause to be proud of his *Courage*.

§. 5. *The Peaceable Gentleman.*

The *Peaceable* and *Honest-natur'd Gentleman* (as many call him) is one to whom the poor *Church of England* is not much more indebted for his kindnesse then to either of the former: this is *he* that is so far from being *Cordially* sensible of the *afflictions* of *Joseph*, or the *dissolutions* of *Jerusalem*, that he seems to have hardly so much of an *humane spirit* in him as to understand the *meaning* of those two words, *Happinesse* and *Misery*. *Three parts* of his time, at least he spends in *sleep*, as if he were resolved to *die* all his life long, or by this course to keep him selfe *ignorant* of the *Concerning* affairs of the *world*; being *loath* to come *acquainted* with the truth of those evils which he is resolved not to take any pains to *remove*. The other *quarter* of his time he carefully *divides* betwixt his *meals* and his *sports*, and this he calls, living a *good, honest, quiet, and harmlesse* life, such as *hurts* no body.

Sometimes he seemes even to *envie* the very *stones* that constant rest which *Nature* has indulged them, whereby they are made

incapable of any *motion* but what is occasion'd, and that but rarely, by some *violence* from without them. If he had so much of that *Philosophie*, which tells us the *celestial bodies* are in a *perpetual motion*, as to believe it for a truth, he would for that very cause be unwilling to go to *Heaven*. When he hears of an *Eternal Sabbath* of rest for all those that go thither, he is almost perswaded to become a *Christian*, yet is he in a great straight betwixt two, for though he love his rest too well, yet he hates the very name of *Sabbath* much more, especially when he hears *St John* telling him, that, the *Angels* and *glorified Saints* never cease day nor night from praising God.

Sometimes again he seems to grudge the poor brute *Animals* their *Irrationality*, and to share with them, endeavours by a sordid *Sensualitie* to degrade himself into a *Beast*, or, at least, to become as like one as *humanitie* will permit him. That he may be better acquainted with their *natures* and *dispositions*, his *Dog* and his *Horse*, or his *Hawk*, henceforward become his principal companions; with these he *plais*, and with these he *discourses*, and towards these

( if



(if you seriously consider all his *terms of Art*, you will be ready to say) he has his *set-forms of Complements*: and indeed his whole *studie* is to learn readily to speak that *language* wherein he may be *understood* by the *silly animals*. When the *weather*, or his *health*, or the like, will not befriend him in these exercises *abroad*, then he sits at *home*, *numbring* his *minutes* by the *turns* of his *Die*, or the *playing* of his *Cards*; or perhaps gets so much liberty *abroad*, as to measure out his *hours* by the motions of his *bowl*. Such a *merciless Tyrant* is he to *that* (which he fears he shall never loose or destroy fast enough) his *precious time*; that he alwaies studies to invent variety of *executions* for it. Now he delights to *drown* it in his *Cups*, anon he *burns* it in his *Pipe*, by and by he *tramples* it *under* his *horses hoofs*: again he *knocks* it in the head with his *Bowl*, *tears* and *devours* it with his *Hawks* and his *Hounds*, there is nothing he will leave unexperimented, till he have certainly found out a way to prevent its *natural, honest, and commendable departure*.

These Courses he willingly allows himself in, and desires to have *all* thought no

more or worse then his contempt of the world, and his studie of retirednesse from those distracting comberances thereof, which are unworthy of a Christian or a Gentleman.

Sometimes he delights to consume a great part of his time in unnecessary visits, but studies withall to make them so unprofitable as if he were desirous to have it thought men were made onely now and then to look one upon another: his Discourse (what there is of it) being so idle and impertinent, that it serves to no other end, then to exercise his tongue, and keep it by much motion volatile; lest for want of use he should in a short time (as he does by most good things) forget to speake. Sometimes you shall have a Complement from him, but huff'd up with so many hyperbolicall expressions of your worth, and of the incredible respects he has for your person, that you cannot chuse but suspect he only labours how to be disbelieved, or has learned of his Dogs how to fawne and flatter. And thus when he has made a shift to lose an hour or two, and to trouble his friends with much impertinent talke, he returns home again to eat and play, and sleep, and spend the remainder of his time as idly as he can.

In

In a word, this sort of *Gentleman* borders so closely upon him we first described, the *Gallant*; that I shall not need to say more of him, then only this, that he has some *degrees* lesse of *madnesse* then the other: he seems as yet but to *hang* about the *doors*, and has not gain'd an *admission* into the *Societies* of *Raunters*: Nor is this because he wants a *Genius* or *inclination* to evill in the generall, but rather he is beholding to *one vice* to keep him from *another*, and being wedded so much to *this*, is forced to abstaine from its *contrary*. Either he is *tyed* to his *Chest* with a *Golden Chain*, which will not allow him the liberty of *ranging* into so many *costly riots*: or else a *leadens dullnesse* so much oppresses his soul, that she cannot *soare* so high in the vast *Region* of *Debauchery*: So that if you find him free from any *one vice*, he is to thanke the *contrary vice* and not the *virtue* for it: or at best, he owes it to an *Infirmity* of *Nature* that he is free from *both*.

Indeed for the most part this *Gentleman* is (as the *Philosophers* use to say of their *first matter*) though not perfectly *formed* into all those *noble* qualifications (as they are usually

usually miscall'd ) of the *Compleat Gallant*, yet is he , at least, in a *remote disposition* to all or any of them : As the *Polypus* is said to be alwaies of the same colour with the neighbouring *object*; or as the *Looking-glass* reflects as many different *faces* as are obviated to its own *superficies*: So is this *Gentleman* not properly *one*, but *any body*; of the *Religion*, and the *humour*, and the *fashion* of his *Companions*, as near as his own *weakness* will permit him to *imitate* them. And this is it which commonly purchases him the *repute* of a *Civil*, a *Courteous*, an *Affable*, a *good-natured* and *sweet-disposition'd* person: Only because he knows as little how to be *angrie* with a *vice*, as how to be *guiltie* of a *vertue*. Such a *Ductile*, *soft* and *Compliant* soul he has, that as the *Wax* to the *Seal*, he would fain *smile* upon every man in his *own* face, and *speak* with every one in his *own* language: He *Complements*, and *Praises*, and *Flatters*, and performs *all* the offices of a *Gentleman*, as his *shadow* in the *glasse*, only by *reflection*. For a *fair word* he will part with his *own* soul, and with a *fair word* he does often occasion the *ruine* of many more: whilest he loves as much to flatter *others* up

in *their* wickednesse, as to be flattered up by *others* in his *own*. Say and do what you will (so you injure not his *person* or *estate*. nor rob him of his beloved *ease*) you are sure to have his *approbation*, and if for this he may have *yours*, he thinks it a reward and encouragement great enough. But I leave him.

*§. 6. The Stately Gentleman.*

There is yet *another* that challenges a *room* in this paper, and truly deserves his place as much as any: If he will not be *angry*, and in a rage *swear* to burn the paper, when he finds himself set in the *last* and *lowest* place, all's well enough. And this is that *Stately* and *Majestick* he, whom I dare hardly *name*, lest he should take it as an *affront*: for though he *hunts* after a *name* and *reputation* amongst all men, yet he looks upon it as a kind of *disbaragement* of his *vertues*, and an *undervaluing* of his *Honour*, to hear his *name* from any mouth but his *own*. But most of all he esteems it *prophaned*, when mention'd by persons so *inconsiderable*, as all those of our *Colour*, unto such as  
*himself*



himself have ever appear'd.

This is he who thinks himself as much too good to be a *Christian*, as he thinks all *Christians* too mean to be accounted *Gentlemen*. His onely God is his *Honour*, and to give it something of a *Deitie*, he phancies it to be singular, and that there is none other besides it; when (alas!) this *Idol* too is just nothing. But such is the strange *Omnipotence* of *Pride* and *Ambition*, this Gentleman can first create to himself a God out of nothing, and then fall down and worship the idolized *vanitie* which his own ridiculous phancie has thus set up. That he does indeed more esteem this shadow than the true God, he too loudly affirms in all his *Oaths*; for when he intends what he saith shall unquestionably passe for serious and creditable, he swears by his *Honour* and *Reputation*: Other *Oaths* he hath enough, by the *Glorious Majestie* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, which are but too literally the burthen of his discourse; these (as we said of the *Gallant*) he uses not for confirmation of the truth, but as the sportive recreation of his tongue, and the graces and ornaments of good Language.

He it is, that (wheresoever he be) will see  
that

that all men do their duties, but himselfe.  
And he doth something well herein except,  
when by a proud mistake he call an unmerited  
respect to his own suppositions vertues:  
the indispensable dutie. He lookes that all  
men should observe as great a distance from  
his person, as he is resolved to do from their  
vertues; or as if already he were (where I  
wish by the much despised grace of humi-  
litie he may at last be found) in heaven. He  
expects no lesse observance and reverence  
from his Tenants, then as if he were not only  
Lord but Creator of the Manner: as though  
he would be thought as much master of the  
Universe, as he is the slave of his owne Am-  
bition. He walks up and downe so wantonly  
and affectedly as if he intended thereby prin-  
cipally to demonstrate to the world his great  
perfections and excellencie, that he must take  
much paines to do amisse This Lordly Sir, so  
long as he can but get a cap and a knee from  
his Inferiours, and the chair at every meeting  
with his betters, he thinks that all the blis-  
sings of Heaven (though a Crown of Glorie  
be one of them) can adde nothing to his  
Honour: Were it but for this one reason, he  
would never make it his businesse to come  
thither,

thither, because he may justly despaire of ever being the *best* man there. If it may be conferred upon him as an *honorarie reward*, and upon the *meritorious* claim of his *vertues*, he will perhaps be content to weare the *Crowne*; but as a gift he scornes it, lest he should draw upon himselfe an obligation to the *Donor* by accepting it: And as his *wages* he scornes no lesse to acknowledge it, for as he has not by any labour *earn'd* it, so is he afraid to be look'd upon to his God in the relation of a *servant*.

In short, this Gentleman phancies himselfe endow'd with such a *transfigurative* excellencie, that (as the *Philosophers stone*, once found, should turne all things it touch'd into Gold) he supposes it able to turn all things into *Gentile* and *excellent* which he is in love with: All his *vices*, whatever deformitie the *dull eye* of the world apprehends to be in them, his *over-weaning humor* looks upon as no lesse then the most *absolute* of all *vertues*: and he conceits himself so *immoveably* fixed and seel'd upon the highest *Pinacle* of *Honour*, that *basenesse* it self shall never have any power to *degrade* him. Thus ever conceiting himself placed at so great a

height

height, it is no great wonder if he become  
 so giddy at length in all his actions, and be-  
 holding others at so great a distance. I mar-  
 vel not, that he begins to see men like Moles  
 upon the earth, and to think them all so  
 blind, that they cannot discern his vanitie.  
 This indeed it is that makes him thinke  
 neither Church nor State worth his regard-  
 ing, he can with dry eyes behold both vessels  
 split at once, and in the mean time flatter  
 himselfe up with the Diabolish hopes of  
 Enriching his Ambition by the miserable  
 Wrack.

This is he, that thinks it no injustice to  
 rob the whole world, and rifle the store-house  
 of Nature to adorne his Body and humour  
 his Palate; to wear the portions and live-  
 lihoods of ( I know not how many ) Orphans  
 and Widows in a Band-string; and carry the  
 lives and fortunes of many languishing souls  
 upon his little finger. I wish that whilst  
 hee casts so scornfull an eye upon these  
 poor naked Beggars, he would but seriously  
 consider how many of their contemptible  
 rags he hath picked up together, to patch up  
 all that braverie upon his own back; whilst  
 either his oppression occasion'd, or his un-  
 cha-

*charitablenesse* prolong'd their *lamentable* condition. He makes indeed almost the whole *creation club* to maintaine his *Ambition*, and returnes a *derision* in requital.

This Gentlemans chief *pastime* and *sport*, whereby he makes himselfe *merrie*, is to laugh at two sorts of men, the *Godly* and the *Poore*, the one as a *Præcision*, and he that has unmann'd himselfe by too much *Religion*, the other as the *out-cast* of *fortune*, or a man intended by *Nature* for nothing else, but by his *labour* to make him *rich*, and by his *ignorance* to make him *merrie*. The *Black-coat* or *Parson* (for by these names he thinks he does sufficiently pay the *Divine* and *Scholar*) he ever looks upon with as much *Superciliousnesse* and *disdain*, as if the very colour of his *Coat* were odious, and an *Eye-sore* to him, or as if because *shame* and *fear* keep him from *immediate* and *direct* *Blasphemie*, he were resolved to expresse his spleen against God himselfe, by despighing his *servants*. He is seldome or never his *Auditor* but when he has a mind to *sleep*, or is disposed to be *merrie*, and then he comes to *Church* and there worships God just as he honours his *Ministers* out of it: Nay he is  
unwilling



unwilling to allow his God that *ordinarie* civilitie, which and much *more* he expects from his owne *Chaplain*, that of a *Cap* and a *Knee*: Or if his *breeding* have taught him more *manners*, then his *piety* has *reverence*, then shall all his *Religion* be put up into this *one* poore *ceremony*, and so he makes his *worship* all one with his *complement*.

This is he, whose intolerable *pride* makes every thing that is not the very *basest* kind of *flatterie*, passe for an *Affront*, and an high piece of *Disrespect* unto his *Person*. For this immediately he studies a *revenge*, which he has learn'd to call a necessary *vindication* of his *Honour*. What excellent *Chymistrie* is there in such deluded *Nobility*, which can *extract* a *Spirit* of *Honour* out of the very *dunghill* of *unworthinesse*, and find so admirable a *sweetnesse*, in that which cannot be thought better than the very *Ordure* and *Excrement* of *Ambition*, *Malice* and *Envie*, I mean *Revenge*. Let but the least *circumstance* of that *respect*, he supposes due, be omitted, and presently there flies out a *Challenge*, and for the most part so *vauntingly* worded, as if he meant his *breath* or his *Ink* should do more *execution* than his *sword*.

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by this means he makes his first *thrust* at his adversaries very *heart*, that so he may wound his *courage* before they meet, and cause his heart to *faile* him before the *Encoun'ter*; for this indeed is often the onely way his late mentioned *temeritie* uses to leave him. for the securing of his *Reputation*. But if so be his *courage* stand upon the same *level* with his *Ambition*, 'tis nothing but the *death* or *disgrace* of his *Antagonist*, will assuage his *fury*; in the *field* therefore he often sends his *body* to the *Grave*, and his owne *Soule* to *Hell* at a blow. This is his *Gallantrie*, and this the necessary *vindication* of his *Honour*, which is so tender, that every thing, except it have in it the unworthy *softnesse* of the most *servile compliances* with his owne *unconstant humour*, rends, sports, or grieves it: and which nothing can wash clean, or make whole again, but the *heart-blood* of him who durst give the *Assfront*.

I hope he will not take it as such, if I make bold here to take my leave of him; I have neither *leisure* nor *patience* to trace him through the wild *Labirinth* of his *Pride*, wherein he has long ago with no small *complacency* lost himselfe, and all things which  
look

looke like *virtue*. I wish all men, whom he studies to *provoke* into a *madness* equall with his own, may ever have that high *charity* for this *Gentleman*, which I have now; then should they *answer* all his *challenges* with this *prayer*, that God would give him more *courage*, then to suffer himselfe to be thus basely *affronted*, and *domineer'd* by so dangerously *insulting* a *Passion*, without the least *Essay* towards the *just vindication* of that *Name* and *Honour* which alone are valuable.

§.7. *The conclusion of this part.*

I should as much *tyre* you ( Sir ) as my selfe, should I *run* ( though with never so much *hast* ) over all the particulars of the *Gentleman's vanity* and *madness*; which are so *inseparably*, for the most part, *intwoven* one within another, that I feare I may already seem too *absurd*, by dividing them into so many *Sects* and *Species*. The plaine truth is, *Vice* seemes to be that very *blood* which *Gentility* so much *boast* of; that which conveyes it selfe through all the *Gentlemans veins* and is dispersed into all the severall

members of the body, in a measure suitable to the capacitie of each. Or rather you may call it the *common-soul* which *informs* & *actuates* the whole body of *Galantrie*; and which is communicated to the particular members thereof, not by an *execution*, or *distribution* of parts and *degrees*, but (to borrow once more the *Philosophers* phrase, it is *wholly* in the *whole*, and *wholly* in every part of the *whole*. If the great *variety* and *diversitie* of operations will yet needs plead for a further *distinction*, we must say, what we use to say of the *various* *actings* of the *same* soule. This *diversitie* ariseth not from a *multiplicity* of *Souls* and *Principles*, but from the many *powers* and *faculties* of that one soule, and the *various* *dispositions* and *qualities* of the *Materiall* *Organs*.

Really, Sir, the *Gentleman* we have hitherto spoken of, is but the more *curious* and *costly* instrument of *sin*, and would appear such a *breathless* thing without it, that a man might wel question whether or no he would be found an *animated* being For ought that I can yet discover, he has no more *motions* then what *vice* gives him, excepting that which he expresse when he is *asleep*, which (setting

( setting aside his *excesse* therein ) is almost the *only* thing wherein hee lookes like a man.

To give you therefore the *Conclusion* of this whole *Character*; call him *any thing*, but what he *would* be call'd, and you can hardly *miscal* him; for indeed he is almost *any thing* but what he *would* be thought to be. A *Gentile* thing, made to weare fine cloathes, and throw away much *money*: to *eat* the *best*, and *drinke* the *best*, and *doe* the *worst*: one that seemes to have beene sent into the world, to help *away* with the *superfluities* of *Nature*; and by his *Intemperance* to *devour* all those *temptations* which might *allure others* to the like *sin*. He knows no *shame* but that which arises from *singularity*, nor any *singularity*, but in *doing* and *living well*.

§. 8. *A more particular application of this Character to our present English Gentleman.*

It has, alas, been but too true in all Ages, that to be *Great*, and to be *Good*, are *isog*: and never was there more *undeni-*



able demonstration of this truth, then in the present Gentlemen of England; to the no lesse dishonour of the whole Nation, then disparagement of his own name in particular. Whilest there is nothing more his talke and his boasting, then his blood, and his breeding, and yet nothing lesse his care then to dignifie the one, or make a right use of the other. How few of those Gentlemen have we now to show, who dare make it their business & their glorie to be serviceable to their God, their Countrey, or the Church, or that have breasts full of that Heroick courage & magnanimitie, that may embolden them to renounce a sin that is profitable, or in fashion? How rarely are the men to be met with, who indeed have a reall sense, of any thing but their Meat, their Drinke, their Apparel, and their Game? Except you will instance in some of their most notorious vices wherein indeed they do too rarely emulate, and labour to out-vie each other.

Heretofore when this shatter'd Nation was a well cemented Kingdome, and enjoy'd those (then slighted, but now much desired) blessings of peace and plentie; how by a staid abuse of those great mercies did the  
Gentleman

Gentleman even dare Almighty God to punish him or his Nation! And now that a sad and long experience of their Contraries has made him feel, though he will not yet be truly sensible of, the lamentable consequences and effects of his former bold wickednesses: how does he instead of *confessions*, *petitions* and *vowes*, draw up, as it were, his *Remonstrances* against his God, and wages an open warre with Heaven, endeavouring to force the Almighty unto a composition, & that upon the most unacceptable termes in the world? It is too manifest (alas) to any eye, how little holinesse has beene the Product of those Judgements which have doubtlesse among other sins, been the especial punishments of the Gentlemans *Luxurie* and *prophanenes*. We heare him indeed very frequently crying out upon these sad times, but too seldome reflecting upon those much worse men who occasion'd them. Like a churlish Dog, snarling at him that beats him, but never considering whose the fault was that caused the beating. I know not, I confesse, what should make the Gentleman so Atheisticall in all his Actions, as either formerly he has beene, or now is; Except

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God's *mercy* one the one hand perswaded him he could never be provoked unto *Judgement*; or his *Judgements* on the other that he can never be reconciled in *mercy*, except he dares thinke the *benefits* he formerly enjoyed greater then a just God could possibly confer upon so *unworthy* a sinner: or the present *Judgements* he now smarts under, rather the *crosses* of an unkind *Fortune*, than the *tokens* of an incensed *wrath* of an *Angry* God. Whence else should he be either so *stupid* or *unnatural*, as neither to live *thankfully* under the *former*, nor *penitently* under the *latter*,

§ 9. The Winner and the Loser in these Times.

I find two sorts of such *Gentlemen*, one is the *Winner*, the other is the *Loser*, in this late *game* (for indeed we have all along *shorted* our selves in our own *miseries*) which has been *plaid* in *England*.

The *former* of these thinks himselfe much too happy already, to become now *holy*. The fortunate *successes* which he hath had in his *sins*, makes him onely *repent* that he practised

sed them no sooner; and the taking away of Religious pretences, makes him sorry for nothing but that he was no earlier an Hypocrite: It is a very sad thing to consider what foule tricks this Politick Jugler every day plaies behind the glorious hangings of these Religious pretences: what deadly poysons he has sent abroad into the world in this persumed breath. This Gentlemans onely Religion is his Art of Dissimulation; the faire gilt which makes his Copper Coyne to passe so currently. O what a chargeable commodity has this Legerdemaine beene to our little world! whilest they who have it, purchas'd it at no lower rate, then that of all sincerity and honesty; and they that will live safe by them, must become as very Knaves as themselves. That garment of Religion which is now worne, and in Fashion with these men, is of a very slight stuffe, and indeed by long wearing and often piecing is so very full of diversly colour'd patches, that it is hard to say which is that, which belong'd at first to the whole: And whence is all this, but from the Gentlemans scorning the good and strong lining of Moralitie, (so much now a daies decried by the most) which

which would have held all much longer together: He is the onely *Saint* in the world if you will believe himsef; and the *Morall-man* is no companion for him. O how many faire *Eftates* and glorious *Churches* has this mans *furious zeale* reduced to *ashes*? and yet, alas, the long promised *Phoenix* of *Reformation* appeares not yet. How many *Palaces* & *Temples* has his *Pietie* defaced? How many rich *treasuries* has his *selfe-deniall* plunder'd? And whence all this, but becaule *Robberie* and *Sacriledge* are much more profitable appendages of his *Religion*, then the more costly formalities, and expensive *superstitions* of the other? To how many *Sons of Rebellion* has that one plausible pretence of *Christian libertie*, by this Gentleman, been made the *Mother*? And yet for all this is our *Freedom* but still in *Idea*, and our happinesse a *Phancie*.

How dearly has the *Church* paid for the *New coining* of this *Language*, and refining his *prophaneness* and *Ribaldrie* into *dissimulation* and *canting*? O what an enriching commodity is *hypocricie*, which has set up so many broken *tradesmen* in the world *compleat Gentlemen*? And extracted our most refined



*refined Nobilitie* out of the very drosse of the people! Indeed if to be rich be to be a gentleman; if to be craftie be to be prudent; if to dissemble be the high way to be Sainted; and to be fortunate the sole felicitie, which terminates the hopes, and must crowne the endeavours of a Christian: if the feares and cowardice of fools and sinners, and the scorne and pittie of the wise and good, will make a man truly honourable, who hath no foundation of his owne whereon to build a Reputation, then is this prosperous and thriving Gentleman, and none but such as he, the true Gentleman of our Nation.

But the Gentleman on the losing side will, I know, thinke it too much (as well he may) that another should grow so Honourable at his cost and charges, and give him so few thanks for his Honour when he has it. He is no lesse troubled to thinke how he shall yeild him so much honour now, then he was to part with his estate to him a while agoe. But then, alas, what does this Gentleman, who (with no small passion calls himselfe a looser, towards the regaining of what he has lost? truly just the same, which at first occasioned the losse it selfe: as if not being Evil, but

but *evill* to a *lesse* degree had been the *only* cause of all his sufferings; and the way to remove his afflictions were to be ten times more a sinner than before: He so behaves himself under the *correcting* hand of God as if he thought, the mercifull God did *only* chastize his children to make them cry and complaine of his unkindnesse, not at all to make them sensible of their errors, or forsake their wickednesse. Certainly such representations of Gods dealings with us is a *stubbornesse*, not a penitence; and such a *preposterous* improvement of Gods deserved judgements, is the way to provoke him unto more and greater, not to perswade him to withdraw the *lesse* and *lighter*. O that the suffering Gentleman would but seriously thinke of this! who growes daily (as 'tis visible in all his actions) worse by correction; and only swears at, and curses his oppressors, instead of fasting and praying for the pardon of his offences. He takes it to be an undeniable privilege of Loosers to talke what they list, though never so prophanely: and looks upon this time of his sorrowes as the chiefe opportunitie of serving himselfe, and easing his heart by all kinds of merriment: and therefore

fore he makes hast to *drinke* and *play* away the *cares*, and the *scant reliques* of his *estate* together. Neither yet can I believe he would be halfe so bad as he is, were it not more in *opposition* to his *emie*, then out of *love* to his owne *vices*. He often abhors and abstaines from the vices of *other men*, not (as good Christians doe) for the *sinnes* sake, but for the *sinners*; from *whom* he endeavours to set himselfe at such a distance, that he never rests till he be gotten into the contrary extreme, and often into the more *scandalum*, though not alwayes the more *dangerous* of the two. As if *vice* could have no *opposite* but of its *owne name*, nor any meanes were left him to become *one way better* then his *adverlaries*, but by being *another way worse*. Was the former an *Hypocrite*? He, lest he should be thought so too, will be *openly prophane*. If the one will not *sweare* or *kisse* the *Booke* when called to it by a *lawfull* *Authoritie*; the other to be *crosse*, will *sweare* a thousand *idle oathes* against Gods *expresse command*. Thus betwext them doe they labour to shew the world what a *Latitude* there is in *Atheisme*.

I might to *these* very seasonably here adde a *third* person, one that has play'd his *Cards* so well, that he is neither *Lofer* nor *Winner* in this *sad* game. One, who (I am sure) has done as little good, as he *thinks* he has done *hurt* to any body: who still makes a shift to lie *lurking* in some *hole* or other till the *sport* (as he calls it, whilest it touches not him) may be over, so he can but sleep in a *whole* skin, and with a *full* purse, he takes no thought how the world goes: What my thoughts are of this *quiet* Soule, I shall have told you sufficiently by saying thus much, he loves his *ease* and *safety* better than his God. If you desire to read him more at large, I must intreat you to cast your eye a little back, and with the *Provident*, *Prudent* or *Peaceable* Gentle man, you will be sure to find him.

§.9. *How good English men such Gentlemen are.*

And now (Sir) how much reason the poore Church or Kingdome of England has to brag of her *Gentry*, I thinke I have abundantly told you. Her *richest* Sons do not alwaies

alwaies prove the most affectionate and Natural to their Disconsolate Mother. But indeed daily aggravate her griefe and sorrow, by their prodigall courses, & most barbarous behaviour. What do they lesse then with the ungratell Mule, hourly kick at the paps which gave them suck? And with the bloody Tyrant, whose Character it was, to be a lump of dirt kneaded up together in blood, they have torne out the very Bowels of a most Compassionate and indulgent Mother. Our Church may very well complaine of some who would be thought her own Sons, as God of his ungratell people of old, She has brought up Children and they have rebelled against her, and among all the sons she has nursed up, there is none to pittie her or lead her by the hand. When they were full and waxen fat, then they forgot God; and now that some of them are leane enough, nay as the fat kine in Pharoahs vision, even eaten up of the very leanest cattle in the Nation; yet being so many wayes smitten they do but revolt more and more. It will be a mercie rather then a Judgement, if God vouchsafe to smite them once againe.

Thus, whilest one is ignorant and can do nothing,



nothing, another *Lazie* and will do nothing, a third *Cowardly* and dare do nothing: whilst one is so *prudent* he thinkes it no *wisdom*, another so *covetous* he holds it not *providence*, a third so *Lordly* he accounts it *below* him to doe any thing but what may foment his own sinfull inclinations: Whilst one is too *voluptuous*, another too *worldly*, a third too *ambitious*; whilst one has a *Wife*, another a *Farme*, a third a *Dog*, and the fourth a *Pot*; It will ever either *misbe-seeme* their *dignitie*, or *cross* their *interest*, or *hinder* their *calling*, or *injure* their *Families*, or *thwart* their *humours* (and indeed *there's* the *main* let of all the rest) to follow *Christ*, or take care of his *Spouse*. God give them *grace* betimes to *love* her better, in whose *armes* alone they can hope to be *safe* from the roaring *Lion*; and to abandon those *Dalilaes* which so long as they *court*, they can neither *love* Her, nor secure *themselves*! In a word, I shall put up for them a *short* prayer but a *full* one, if they would but understand it — God make them all such as *Gentlemen* should be! And what that is, I shall now endeavour, to the best of my skill, to tell you: though both for want of

*Age and breeding*, I must necessarily come as far *short* of him, I would describe, as I have been all this while *above* that other, whom our *Nation* had been more *happy*, never to have *known*. The *Gentleman's* virtues are as much *above* my reach, as the *Gallant's* braveries *below* his imitation.



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## S E C T. III.

## The True Gentleman.

§. I. *An Apologetical Introduction.*

**B**Eing now (Sir) to give you the *True* *Gentlemans* character. you might very justly expect to meet with *something* truly like the *Subject*, *High* and *Noble*. He is indeed too *sacred* a thing to be *touch'd* by so *common* a pen ; every slip whereof can be deemed no lesse then a *prophanation* of his worth, who is the *liveliest* image which God has left us of himselfe upon any of his *Creatures*. However, seeing where there is so *venerable* an *Excellency*, as all *Encomiums* may be thought *Folly* and *Presumption*, so can *silence* be judged no lesse then a *Sacriledge*: seeing we use to *offer* unto *Heaven*, not so much what we *owe*, as what we *may*: I think it much

much better becomes me to say that *little I* can, then just *nothing*; and to tell you, if not what the *Gentleman* is, yet at least *so much* of his *greatnesse*, as falls to my *share* to *understand*. I had much rather be *cenſured* for committing such a *pious error* then be *condemned* for the wilfull omission of so *necessary a dutie*. I dare not suspect the *Gentlemans goodness* to be of a lesse extent then my *ignorance*; and therefore I doubt not but he can *pardon* as often as I through *weakness* shall offend. Where I *erre*, let him think it was the *brightness* of my subject which *dazled* my eyes & occasioned me to *stumble*. Where my expressions fall *low* and flat, I do beg of him that he would impute it to that *Reverence* which I bear unto his *virtues*, which commands my *pen* to keep its *Distance*.

I hope you will not blame me for this *Apologie*, for I would gladly *keep off* as long as I can, when I cannot *draw nigh* without a *necessity of erring*. Even in this short *preamble* you may be pleased to read *something* of the *Gentlemans Character* to wit, such a *Greatness*, as commandes a *Distance* and *Reverence*, and such a *candour* as can *pardon*

Pardon a *failing*; and (which is indeed the summe of all I have to say) such a *Man* as is truly a *Gentleman*. Which name speaks all that bears a *contrariety* to the thing we lately spoke of, whose very name is such a compleat *Summary* of all *Vices*, that there is but one thing left to *denominate* the true *Gentleman*; I mean, an absolute a *Combination* of all *virtues*. All which I can confer to his *Character*, will amount to no more then an *imperfect paraphrase* upon his *Name*; and as much as I understood of this, take as follows.

### §. 2. His general Character.

The *True Gentleman* is one, that is as much *more*, as the *false* one is *less*, then what to most he *seems* to be. One who is alwaies so far from being an *hypocrite*, that he had rather appear in the eyes of others just nothing, then not be *every thing* which is indeed truly *virtuous* and *noble*. He is a man whom that most *Wise King*, he best resembles, has fitted with a *Character*. A man of an *excellent spirit*. This is he whose *brave* and *noble* soul soars high above the  
*ordinarie*



ordinarie reach of *mankind*, that he seems to be a distinct *species* of himself. He *scorns* so much the *vices* of the *world*, that he will hardly stoop to a *virtue* which is not *Heroick*; or if he do, it is by his good *improvement* of it to make it so. He is one to whom all *honour* seems *cheap*, which is not the *reward* of *virtue*: and he had much rather want a name then not *deserve* it.

This *Gentleman* is indeed a person truly *great*, because truly *good*; His *Honour* is of too excellent a nature to be supposed the *Creature* of any *thing* besides his own *virtue*; and those *virtues* too *eminent* to be esteemed *less* then the most *refined* actions of so *great* a soul. He is no lesse the *glory* of *mankind* then *man* the *glory* of the whole *sublunary Creation*. One that would every way deservedly be accounted *more* then what is *humane*, were not one Part of him *mortal*; however it is his *first care* and *endavour* to make this *mortal* part of him such, as may make it apparent to the *world*, how great an *Excellencie* may be the companion of so much *frailtie*.

,Till he may be so happy as to *enjoy* the *Heaven* he *hopes* for, he does what he can to

be an *Heaven* to himself, and by his extraordinary pains so *beautifies* his soul with all *Cælestial* accomplishments, that he needs only *die* to be in *Heaven*; and seems to want nothing of those glorious *Spirites* which dwell there, but only to be *without* a *bodie* and as *high* as they.

He looks upon himself whilest in *this* world as no more then a *probationer* in the *School of Honour*, and makes it his business so to *behave* himself at present, that he may be sure of an *admission* into that true *Honour* (when the *Day* comes) which will be as *certain* and *durable*, as *true* and *great*: Well knowing that the only way to be *Lord* of many things, is to be *faithfull* in these *few* wherewith he is now intrusted

*His Soul* is so truly *great* and *Capacious*, that nothing but an *Heaven* and *Eternity* can *fill* it: so nobly *high* are all his thoughts, that he is ever aiming at a *Crown*: So *active* and *mounting* his holy *Ambition*, that it disdaines to *preach* longer then a *breathing space*, upon the most exalted *spire* of all *Sublunary Glories*. He is so *thoroughly* sensible of the *Cælestial* Nature of his *Soule*,  
that

that (did he not think it one great part of his happiness, to suffer any kind of miserie in submission to his God) he could not think his life lesse then one continued torment; and so long a detention here upon the earth, a meere restraint and confinement from all comfort and blisse.

As for the blessings of this world, he looks upon them, as the child should do upon his farthings or his counters, small things; indulged him for the recreation, not the businesse of his soule. Yet (such a good housewife is vertue) he reaps no small advantage to himselfe, for these subordinate enjoyments; which by their frequent consenages perswade him more to be in love with what's both more Precious & more usefull. Knowing that his Mansion is prepared in Heaven, he can esteem the world no better then the handsome frontispiece to that most glorious building; where he beholds a great many fine flattering objects, and prettie curiosities both of Art and Nature; but all's no more than an earnest and kind invitation to him to enter in, and possesse those unspeakably excellent Mansions, which these things so dimly shadowed out unto

his eye; these well dressed dainties which he enjoyes here, he dares but taste at most, to prepare him an appetite; he intends to feast himselfe in Heaven.

To give you the *summe* of what I thinke of him in the generall: He is every way so much more then a man, that he is no lesse in all things then himselfe. One whose rare excellencies are such, as would make us believe his breeding had been amongst the Angels in another world, rather than amongst Gentlemen here in this: and that he were only lent us a while, an universall pattern for Mankind to imitate; And to let us see how much of Heaven (if we will receive it) may dwell upon earth. He is so refined from all Mixture of our Courser Elements, as if he were absolutely Spiritualized before his time, if ever he were proud of any thing, it was of being the Conquerour of that, and all other Vices. He scornes and is ashamed of nothing but Sin. He lives in the world as one that intends to shame the world out of love with it selfe: & he is therefore singular in all his Actions, not because he affects to be so, but because he cannot meet with company like himselfe to make him

him otherwise, In a word, he is such, that (could we want him) it were pity but that he were in *Heaven*; and yet I pitty not much his continuance *here*, because he is already so much an *Heaven* to himselfe.

§. 3. *His chief Honour and Dignitie.*

His *first Honour* in this world, is to be born the most noble of Gods creatures here below: His next is to live one of his most Obedient and laborious servants, like those above. His greatest to die his beloved Son, that so he may reign with him for ever. It was the Honour of his Infancie only, to have Noble Parents; It is the Honour of his riper years, that he can imitate their Virtues, and it will be the Crown of his Old Age, to be as good a Father as his own; Blood and Birth then stood him instead, when his tender years had not yet render'd him capable of virtue and worth. When he comes to Age he Enters upon his Honour, not as upon his estate, by the will or title of his Ancestors, but by the claim of his merits, looking upon it not as his lot or inheritance, but as his choice and purchase. He has an especiall care that



that his *Honour* and his *Person* may both *live* and *grow* up, but never *die* together. He accounts it much *below* a person of his *quality* to *owe* all that *respect* which is *given* him when he is a man, to his full *Costs*; or all the *Reverence* which is *paid* him when an *old man*, to his *gray haire*s : But he so *provides* for his *Honour*, that whatever *respect* is offered him, may be *esteemed* a *debt* and not a *Present*; and that his *future goodnesse* may not be thought the *product* of the *Old*, but rather an *obligation* to *New respects* : Such he *civilly* *accepts* when *paid* him, but *seldome* *challenges* when *delay'd* or *withheld*; so far I meane, as they *concerne* his *person*, not his *Office*. For though it be *one Honour* to *deserve*, yet is it *another* *contentedly* to *want* them. He needs never go *abroad* to *seeke* himselfe, and therefore he *hearkens* with more *safety* to his *own conscience*, then the *peoples acclamations*; and he had much rather *know* himselfe *Honourable*, then be *told* that he is so.

His highest *ambition* is to be a *favourite* in the *Court* of *Heaven* and to this end his *policy* is to become not a *great* but a *new* Man:

Man: and to *dresse* up himselfe in all those *Spiritual Ornaments*, which may make his soul truly amiable in the eyes of the great King. He considers how that he owes himselfe unto God, as he is his *Creator*; and he endeavours to discharge that *old Debt*, by a most earnest and importunate *suite* for *New favors* ever praying that God would make him *fit* to *serve* him, by making him first a *New Creature*. He could never yet think the *Old man* fit to make a *Courtier* of *Heaven*, and therefore he uses to walk in his *white Robe*, and his *wedding garment*, that so he may be admitted into the *Kings Presence*. He furnisheth himselfe betimes with such *Apparrell* as this, and he *fits* and *settles* it to his Soule *before hand*, knowing that the *longer* it is *worn*, the more *splendid* it *grows*, and the *more* it is *used*, the *longer* it will *last*; the onely way to *wear* it out, is, not to *wear* it at all: but having once *attired* himselfe in this *habit*, now *every day* is with him an *Holy-day*, and he is henceforward *every where* at *Court*.

But that which he esteems his great *Honor* indeed, is this, that he can with *confidence* and *truly*, call God his *Father*, his *Saviour*,  
his

his *Friend* and his *Brother*, the *Church* his *Mother*, and the *Angels* his fellow-servants. Such *Parents*, such *Kindred*, such *company* he may safely boast of; but this he does no other way, then by his *obedience* and *gratitude*. He behaves himself as a *Kings* son ought to do, that is, he does nothing misbecoming his *Birth* and *Dignitie*.

#### § 4. *His Out-side and Apparel.*

If we may spare so much time from the contemplation of those *richer* Excellencies of his *inner man*, as to take notice of his *out-side*, we may there behold the *Ingenuous* Embleme of his *better self*: so much good care he takes that there be nothing found about him, but what may speak him indeed a *Gentleman*; and present you (so far as the matter will bear it) with the fair picture of a *noble Mind*. He would gladly so *polish* and *adorn* his *Body*, as becomes the *lodging* of so *great* a *Soul*. He looks upon it as a thing onely so far deserving his care and *pains*, as it is a necessary *Instrument* of her operations: and yet he rather could wish himself (might it so be) freed from the  
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*cumberſom companie of his fleſh, becauſe it proves often ſo great a clog and hindrance to the more active and vigorous inclinations of his better part. So long as he is confined to his Tabernacle of clay, he makes the beſt that can be made of a Neceſſary Evil: ſo feeding his Body that it may have ſtrength enough to ſerve his Soul; and ſo cloathing it, that the other part may be kept from freezing, and fit for more ſprightlie actions. Indeed he never makes much of his earthly part, but in ſubſerviency to his Spiritual; that ſo he may the better, as he is commanded Glorifie God both with Boay and Soul which are his.*

Hence is it, that you may alwaies obſerve in his Habit, ſuch a gravitie as beſeems a Chriſtian; and yet ſuch a decencie as becoms a Gentleman. He chuſes rather to have his diſtinction from other men founded in his virtues, then in his cloathes. Herein ſhe ſhows that he looks more after what's ſerviceable and uſeful, then what's pleaſing and fashionable. So much curioſitie he has, as not to be ſlovenlie: and ſo little, as it cannot ſhow that he is vain or warton. He had rather have his Apparel rich than gaudie

*Candie*, and yet rather *warm* than rich. It is *neatnesse* not *braverie*, a *decent* not a *gorgeous* attire, which, next unto what's *usefull*, he aims at.

In every *Suit* he buys, he hath as great a regard to the *poor mans necessities*, as to his own *humour*, and makes choice of that *cloath* or *stuff* which may please God here after upon the *Beggars back*, more than what he knows may now flatter the *wanton eye* of the *World* upon his *own*. He hath much better thoughts of *Virtue*, than to hope his *fine cloaths* may gain him a *respect* where that could not, nay on the other side, he knows that *Gooinesse* is enough in it selfe, to advance the *Rag* above the *Robe*, and a *Leathern Cap* above the *golden Diadem*.

He pities the *unskilfull wantonnesse* of the world, which alwaies (as *Children* and *Fools* use to do) sets an higher value upon the *varnish* and the *gilded frame*, than on the *lively features* and excellent *Art* in the rich piece they adorn: and calls it a *blisnesse*, at least, a *weak sight*, which cannot be *held* a *virtue*, but as we do a *dull picture* through the *glistening Glasse* of *Vanitie*.

esteem



esteems his *penny* in the *poor mans purse* a much greater *Ornament*, then a fair *Plume* in his own *Hat*. Neither knows he how he may with a good *conscience* wear that, which might be made many *poor mans livelihood* (as too many now love to do) in a *Band* and a pair of *Cuffs*. He is more pleased to see his own *cloathes* cover anothers *nakedness*, then displaying his *lusts*; and thinks it more honourable to wear the *charitie* then the *braverie*

If this *Place* or *Office* challenge an *Habit* above his desires, by what he is forced to do, he shows what he *would chuse* to do; & most lively expresses his *singular humili-ty*, in his *necessitated gallantry*: showing how he can *condescend* even to any thing, so it be *innocent*, though by a *Conformity* contrary to his natural *inclinations*. And even herein he takes care to provide himselfe such *Apparrel*, that his *cast suite* (as we call it) may not be quite *cast away*; and to this end he chuses rather to *swagger* in *Gold* then *Tinsell*, in *Cleath*, then *Stuff*: that so it may be *sullied* before it be *torn*, and *unfit* for him to wear, before it be *worne out*, and then most becoming the *poverty* and *mean* condition

condition of another, *when it shall be below the State and Dignity of his Place and Person.*

It is most certain ( and the Gentleman knows it as well ) that the *Temper and Disposition of the Soule* is no way better *Discernable*, then through the *Habit and garb of the Bodie* : He that longs after *New fashions*, will not be backwards in embracing *New Religions*: both proceeding from one & the same dangerous Principle, an *inconstancy of mind* and a *desire of Novelty*. The *True Gentleman* knows it by *experience*, that where there is no *levity* in the *thoughts*, there appears no *alteration* in the *Bodie*, where no *inconstancy* and *Pride of Soul*, ther's no *change* or *flaunting* in the *cloathes*. And therefore that the world may know that he has a *fixed and resolved soul*, he has one *constant garb and Attire* : and he will never yeild that to be *out of fashion*, which is both *Serviceable* and *Frugal*. Alas the poor *Body* (he knows ) desires nothing but what may preserve it *alive* and in *health*: It is the *lascivious soul* which calls for all those other *superfluities*; and the *Gentleman* accounts it below him to gratifie his *lusts*, and

and to be at so vast an expence to cloath his *Humour*. He could never, since he was a child, play with a *Feather*, or think himself happy in the glistering of a *Lace*, or *Ribband*. He leaves these *Toyes* to those silly Creatures, who are resolved to continue for ever in their *childhood* or *infancie*, and dare to be so foolish, as to think a broad *Band* and a *flaunting Cuff*, as necessary as *Heaven*. He can think himself a *man* without such *avanitie*, and know himself a *Gentleman* without any such *mark* or *bravery*: alwaies wearing such *cloaths*, as his *Bodie* may in *old age* have good reason to *blesse* the *moderation* of his *Soul*, and the *needie* may have no lesse cause to pray for the *health* of his *Body*.

§. 5. *His Discourse and Language.*

When you hear him *speak*, you will think that he intends no lesse, then to give you a *tast* of his *Soul* at every word: Nor indeed is it possible you should in any thing plainlier discover the *noblenesse* of his *Spirit* then in his *sweet breath*, so *divinely* moulded into most excellent *discourse*. Every  
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word *he* speaks, speaks *him*, and gives you a fair *Character* at once both of his *Abilities* and his *Breeding*.

If you respect the *Quality* of his *Discourse*, it is *Grave* and *Noble*, *Serious* and *Weighty*; and yet alwaies rather what is *fit* to be spoken, then what he is *able* to speak. His words are most *Proper* and *Genuine*, but not affected; His phrase *high* and *lofty*, but not *Bombastick*; His sentences *close* and *full*, but not *obscure* and *confused*. His *Discourse* is neither *flashy* nor *flat*, neither *Boyish* nor *Effeminate*, neither *Rude* nor *Pedantick*: It is alwaies *Sober*, yet *Ingenuous*; *Virile*: *strong* and *masculine*, yet *sweet* and *winning*: He loves a *smooth* expression, but not a *soft* one: a *smart* or *witty* saying, but without a *Clinch* or *Jingle*. His words are those which his matter will best bear, not such as his *Phancie* would readily suggest, No poor half starved *Jests*, no dry insipid *Quibbles* can get any room in his *Rhetorick*, hardly a word in all, but what hath his *Emphasis*, nor any sentence without his full weight.

If you would eye the *Quantity* of his speech, it is not *Long* but *Full*; not *Much* but

but *Great*: He speaks not alwaies, but when he speake he saies All. He as often shewes how well he can be silent, as how well he can speak; and others alwaies love more to here him talk, then he himselfe. He makes no lesse use of his Ear in all companies, then of his Tongue; and by his serious harkening to the more impertinent discourses of his Companions, plainly proves he has no lesse *Patience* than *Rhetorick*. He makes it evident, that he has his *tongue* (that *unruly Beast* in most mens mouths) as much at his *Command* as his *Wit*, and that he is able to make both *rest*, as well as both *move* at his pleasure.

His sayings are never long or tedious, but they alwaies reach home; and he will very seldome take any thing lesse then a *Necessity*, for an *Opportunity* of speaking. But then usually he delivers all with that facility and perspicuity, as if his words were not the *elect* & *voluntary*, but the *ready* and *natural* emanations of his Soul. No *Passion* shall at any time more disturb the Order of his words, that it can Cloud the Serenity of his *forehead*. He cannot make himself merry, much lesse proud, with his own



Inventions ; nor does he ever catch at the applause, but aims at the Edification of his Auditors.

If you will look upon the *matter* and *substance* of his discourse, you shall see, 'tis alwaies what he *finds*, not what he *makes*: not what he supposes may afford the fairest field for his *Phancy* and *Invention* to roave in; but the *best Garden* of such choise *fruits* as the *Stomachs* ( not the *Palats* onely) of his company shall be best able to bear. Or such as may prove most *Medicinal*, when seasonably applied to the several *diseases* of those that *bear* him: These he alwaies studies rather to *heal* then *discover*, and yet rather to *discover* than *flatter*. Hence he often distributes amongst them the bitter as well as the sweet: and rather that which may *nourish*, than what may *please*.

And yet here it is, if ever, that he acts the part of the *Tempter*; for he makes even the sourest Apple ( which he knows to be *wholsom*) so pleasant to the eye, that he forces such as need it, by a *Pious Fraud*, into a real love of what *naturally* they most hate. Indeed the onely way which for the most part

part in such company is left him to prevent the *losse* of his *own* time, is to make others with whom he converses gainers by his *societie* : and he does his utmost endeavour, that every one that hears him, may by what they hear, either *gain* a *virtue*, or *lose* a *vice*.

This is it, which makes him very careful to avoid, whatsoever might rationally be supposed able to *vitiate* either his *own* discourse or the *minds* of his *Auditors*. And very good reason *he* has to be more *cautious* in this respect than *other* men, seeing the most *odious* vice from his *Language* would gain so great a *Loveliness*, as would probably make it one of the strongest *temptations*. But his *Rhetorick* has too *sweet* a face to be made the Mother or Midwife to any thing that has the *Monstrous* shape of *Sinne* : he should foully Adulterate so great Purity, who should go about to *match* it with any thing lesse than *Piety* and *Virtue*.

*Obloquy* and *Scurrility* are too deformed and *wry-faced*, to gain any place in his *affections* : He that is able, when he will, to create to himself a *Reputation* not inferiour

to the *highest* scornes as much, as he needs little to rob any other man of his: His fingers are too clean to be foul'd by throwing dirt in other mens faces, He is as much afraid to discover a blemish in another man's eye, as he is to suffer a greater in his owne; and will rather *charitably* condescend to lick out the Mote with his *tongue*, then deridingly to talke of it. He holds it too much below a man to imploy his Nails in vexing an old sore, and scratching till he make a new one. He leaves it to Dogs and Ravens to prey upon Carrion, Alas, it is a very hungry wit, which is faine to feede upon such *nauseous* dyet. Other mens infirmities, especially if naturall or accidentall, are much more the objects of his Charity and Pity, then of his Merriment and Derision. He judges it a *cruelty* proper to *weaknesse* alone to Murder the Sick; no true *ingenuitie* can be so *barbarous* as to sport it self in the *misfortunes* of the *Miserable*. He esteems that (as well he may) a meer *Dwarfish* wit which cannot tell how to shew it self to the world but by *trampling* (and so *advancing* it selfe) upon the *Reputation* of others. It is a Barren Phancy, or at least has alwaies a very  
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Hard labour, which can be *mother* to nothing but to what *misfortune* must be the *Midwife*. The *true Gentleman* has both more *wit*, more *honestie*, and more *charity*, then to permit his *tongue* to be so *foolishlie*, so *unworthily*, so *Tyrannically* bulied.

Nor doth he lesse abhorre to come near that filthy *puddle* of *Obscenity*; tis a *Sow* and no *Minerva* that can be for such nasty food. He never carried the *Goats tongue* in the *gentlemans head*, but wishes that all who do so, would for ever use it as *Goats* do, that is, continue alwaies *mute*: All his discourses are as *chast* as *fair*, and the *sweet Loves* in recital whereof he so much pleaseth himselfe and all those *good men* which hear him, are no other then those betwixt God and his own soul.

He is too *just* to himselfe and his own *unusurped Majestie*, to suffer his talk to *flag* into an *idle*, much lesse a *wanton* strain of *Drollerie*: thats too *Plebeian* and *Vulgar* for a *gentleman*, and *this* no lesse too *foul* and *Beastlie* even for a *Man*: and he must be more then *both* these in every expression a *Christian*. He cannot but with as much *wonder* and *astonishment* as *pity* and *compassion*

son, hear those *punie* Souls, which can invent no other method of *gracing* their Discourse, and make it *taking*, but by a *complacent* rehearsal of their own and other mens *uncleanesses*; nor can find *matter* for an *hours* talk, without being beholding for it to a *Mistress* or a *whore*: Or at best by *dressing* up some empty piece of *Folly* in *fine words*. Thus can they never be merry, but as Children use to be with a *Babie*, or a *Rattle*

His Soul presently boyles up in a pious *Agonie* within him, whensoever he hears a *vain Oath*, or any thing that sounds like *prophanesse*: He never mentions the dreadful name of *Almighty* God, but with that *due Reverence* both of Soul and Body which suits with its *greatnesse*. He is too much the *friend* of God, and is every way too *neerly related* unto him, to hear him *dishonoured* with *patience*, or to suffer his *name* to be made so *vile* and *cheap*, as to be used (as too commonly it is) onely as an *expletive particle* to prevent a *Chasme*, or make up a *gap* in the *sentence*, or to make all run more *smoothly*.

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Word as his Name. He is too much in love with Scripture to see her prostituted to every licentious phancy, and by an impudent wrestling made the subject of every Atheistical wit. The Gentleman looks with a more reverent eye upon this Sacred Fountain: not as set open to be troubled and made muddie by the Wanton Goats, but to water and wash the tender Lambs. He useth it further as a wholesome Bath for his White Soul, which will preserve her both clean and whole.

I should injure the Gentleman, to dwell any longer upon his negative vertues. Onely, this is an indulgence given to our ignorance, that we are allowd to speak in the negative of all great perfections, and say what they are not, when we cannot, as we should, expresse what indeed they are. If you will hear what I have to say more of his discourse in short, then know, that all his words are not onely the prettie, pleasing, yet emptie bubblings of a restless phancie: a raging lust, or a wanton and frolick humour; But all of them the grave, weighty, and well proportion'd breathings of his great and holy Soul.

## Sect. 6. His Behaviour and Civilitie.

His whole Behaviour and Carriage is masculine and noble, such as becomes his Heroick spirit; and yet alwaies accompany'd with a wonderfull Humilitie and Courtesie. His Bodie is onely made straight, & the more it selfe, not (as most mens are) new moulded by art: He has just so much of the Dancing-School as will teach him how to laugh at those that have too much. He Has made more use of the Vaulters and Fencer, then the Danger; for his desire was more to be a Man then a Puppit, and to be a servant to his Countrey, rather then his Ladie.

If in things of this nature he sometimes studies anothers satisfaction more then his own, he will shew how much he can be more then a man, not how much lesse, and how active he can be, not how Apish. He so behaves himselfe, that by what he does, you may rather conclude he can do more if he will, then that he hath done all he can doe. In these, as in all things else of the like difference, he manifests his greatest power there, where most men have the least; in refu-  
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sing to do, what he is sure would gaine him the empty applauds of the Multitudes: Though to far as he can judge the *sport* or *Recreation* innocent and lawfull, he had rather manifest a *slighting* and a *disregard*, then an *hatred* towards them.

His *Complements* are not ( as in others ) the wild *extravagancies* of a *Luxuriant Language*, but the *naturall* breathings of a sincere *kindnesse* & *respect*; His civility is alwaies one, with his *Duty*, his *friendship*, or his *charity*. A *Court-dresse* cannot bring him in love with a *Lye*; nor can he looke upon a *Fashionable Hypocrite* with a more favourable eye, then upon a *glorious cheat*; He judges of all *disimulation*, as in it selfe it is, for though a *Complement* the *Practice* of it may seem *Princely*, yet in its owne nature he knows 'tis *Deuillish*, and in the issue will prove *damnable*. He scornes to be Sathans Scholar, though for so profitable a lesson: for it was He indeed was the first Master of this *Ceremony*; when he Complemented our first *Parents* out of their *Innocence* and *Paradise* at once; tickling their ambition with this strain—*Ye shall be like Gods*,

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It is his care, that all the *Obedience* and *Honour* his *Inferiours* are obliged to render unto him, may seeme no more then an imitation of that he payed unto his *Superiours*. And that the *courtesie* and *civilitie* of his *equals* may be thought nothing else but the *reflection* of his towards them. But if another kindnesse chance to get the *start* in showing it selfe, he maks it appear that his *backwardnesse* proceeded not from any want of good will, but opportunity; and he endeavours to requite the *earlynes* of his friends *Courtesie*, by the *measure* of his owne.

His *Inferiours* may behold in him how well *Humilitie* may consist with *Greatnesse*, and how great an *Affability*, *Authority* will admit of; By his *practice* our *licentious* world might easily be convinced, that *Freedom* and *subjection* may dwell together like friends.

All his *words*, and all his *Actions* are so many *Calls* to *Vertue* and *Goodnesse*, and by what he himselfe is, he shews others what they ought to be. If *Heaven* were such a thing as stood in need of an *assistant* *Temperation* (which a man would almost believe when he sees how little men love it for it selfe)

self) certainly it would make choise of the Gentleman as the loveliest bait to draw others thither, were not the Generality of Mankind grown so stupid in their sins, as to fall in love with hell; were they not insatiated even to a confidence in those vanities, which are worse then nothing, and besotted into a sensuality below what's brutish, who would not make hast to Heaven, were there no greater Happinesse than the fruition of such a companion as is the True Gentleman?

And truly thither with all speed he must resolve to go that intends to enjoy him long: for he makes too much hast to that place of happinesse, to stay long by the way. Such good men indeed are soon taken away, and this is so little laid to heart by us, that we have great reason for our own sakes to fear that they are taken away from the Judgments yet to come upon this sinful and rebellious Nation. The world grows so thin of such as he, that we may too truly now say he is but one of a thousand; and then 'tis no lesse then a thousand to one that very shortly whosoever would find him must go to Heaven to seek him. And indeed it were an high



high injury to perswade him to a longer stay here, except we would assure him of our company thither at last.

Sect 7, *His Inside.*

It is now time to take a short view of his *Inside*, and it must indeed be a very *short & imperfect* one; for you cannot but imagine what would be the unfortunate *event*, if such *weak eyes* as mine are, should gaze too long and *intently* upon the *Glorious* body of the *Sun*. I shall only therefore be so *officious* to such (if any such there be) as need my help, as to set open the *windowes* for them, the *Sun* (I am sure) will *shine* in of it selfe. And truly his *rayes* dart in so *thick* and *fast* upon us, we shall hardly know *which* to take notice of *first*: An understanding here we meet withall, so *clere* and *unclouded*, a *Will* so *regular* and *uncorrupted*, *Affections* so well *refined*, so *orderly*, and *uninterrested*, that 'tis wholly evident, that as *Nature* found *Materials*, and *Education* built the *House* and set all in *Order*; so do *Religion* and *Moralitie* Govern within, and betwixt them keep all *cleane* and *handsome*.

His virtues seem to be so much the Necessary and Natural Emanation of his most active and boundlesse soul, that he is in danger by being altogether good to loose the praise & honour due to so eminent a Goodnesse: If he could leave off to be *Vertuous*, the world might then seem to have some excuse for being *vicious*. But his Goodnesse is too absolute, to grow out of love with it self, and too knowing to lye obnoxious unto such a cheat, as to part with her own face, in exchange for the fairest of Vices. I wish the world would forbear to love vice, till he begin to forsake virtues; and that all our Gentrie would endeavour to be like him, till he become like them, or esteeme any thing truly Noble, which he cannot prove to be really good.

As for his Intellectual Excellencies, so far as he owes them purely and immediately to God and Nature, I think it not fit so much as to touch any further upon them; least I should not bear up even in that great variety, wherein they are distributed among the many individuals; God having proportioned them out unto the severals in so different a measure, as nothing but his own Infinite

Infinite wisdom can give a particular reason of it. Onely this I may safely say, that whatsoever his *Talent* is, the Gentleman digs not in the *Earth* to hide it; but so trafficks with it, till *Art* and *Industrie* have brought in an increase some way proportionable to the stock of *Nature*: at least to that degree which may intitle him to the *Euge* of his Lord, and the glorious welcome of a good and faithfull *Servant*. He makes use of Gods *Bountie*, not as a *Warrant* for his sloath, or an *indulgence* to his idleness, but as a *Spur* and motive to a grateful *Care* and *Industrie*: Not as a *treasure* to be prodigally spent, but a stock to be thriftily husbanded and improved: He accounts it a thing most unworthy in a Gentleman, to be an ill husband, especially where the treasure is Gods, and he but his *Steward*, yet such a steward, as has the use, as it were, of his Lords purse for his *Incouragement*.

His acquired Intellectual accomplishments, are too numerous and various to be here characterized; something must be said of them hereafter in his studie, though but very little; for I chuse rather to insist upon what

what denominates him *Good* and *Noble*, then great and *knowing*: for though the latter be *useful* and *excellent*, yet the former are more *praise-worthy* and *necessary*.

Sect. 8. *His command over himself.*

His *Will* and *Affections* he makes the *Instruments* and *servants*, not the *Guides* and *Mistresses* of his *Soul*. He subjugates his *Will* unto *Reason*, and *this* to *Religion*; and by this means it comes to passe that he never misses of having his own free *Choice* in all things. He both *Doth* and *Hath* what he *will*, because he never *wills* but what is according to *reason*, nor thinks any thing *Reasonable* but what's *honest* and *Lawful*: thus by making *Gods will* his *own*, he is never *cross* in his *desires*.

Thus he exercises the *first* and *main* act of his *Authority* at *home*: and that he may be more *expert* in governing *others*, he first *practises* upon himself; and learns to command his *inferior Soul*. He will not *submit* in the least to the *Tyranny* of a *Passion*, nor hearkens he further to the most tempting *Suggestions* of his *Sensitive* part, then

he sees that *Subject* to the *grave* and *sober* dictates of its lawfull *Empress Right Reason*. His *affections* when prepared and fitted by an *unprejudiced judgement* for his service, he delays not to put into *exercise*, but *employes* them as so many *wings*, whereon his soule may be carried up *above* the reach of *Vulgar* men. It would be too great an *indulgence* in him, to suffer his *Passions* to be their owne *carvers*, and *chusers* of their owne *objects*: for these being the *Naturall Daughters* of his *untamed sensitive Appetite*, have too much of their *mother* in them, to be *discreet* in their choise; like *wanton* and *imprudent Girles*, they would pitch upon the *fairest* rather than the *best*, and more labour to *flatter* the *Sense* than *obey* the *Reason*. As their *Lord* and *Soveraine*, therefore he *appoints*, and *Reason* cuts them out their work, and *assignes* every one its proper *raske*; and by this meanes at length they become the *beauty*, *ornament* and *strength*, which otherwise had naturally been the *Blemishes*, *disorders*, and *Infirmities* of the Man.

He desires in all things to be *above* the *world*, that's his *Ambition*; and therefore he sets his *affections* on things *above*, and points them



them out of the way to *Heaven*, that's his prudence. The soul without them would be lame and unable to go; and they without its eye of *Reason*, are blind and know not which way to go, but (as the *Cripple* upon the blind mans back) let but the judgment direct them in the right path, and then they will carry the soul to *Heaven*. The *Gentleman* is too much a man to be without all passion, but he is not so much a *beast* as to be governed by it.

In this moderation and *Empire* over himself, where he gives *Law* to his *Affections*, and limits the extravagances of *Appetite*, and the insatiable cravings of *sensuality*: the just rule he goes by, is not opinion but knowledge: not that leaden one, which is so easily bent and made crooked, or melted and dissolved by the heat of passion, or the arts of *Sophistry*, into error and *Skepticisme*: but that other *Golden* one, which lies as close and firm, as 'tis made straight and even. When he would imprint the true loveliness of any object upon his affections, he takes it into a true light, and has a care to remove from before his eye all those cunningly wrought Glasses, or other instruments of *Sathan* and

*Lust*, set so frequently to prejudice and deceive the sight; whosoever might cause him to mistake a false object for a true, or to see a true one amisse: so endeavours he to be as free from error as from vice: esteeming it as a sin to act against his knowledge, so a shame at least to be deceived in his opinion.

He judges of things, as he does of men, not by what they promise, but by what they prove; and so he trusts, and loves, and fears them, not for what in appearance they seeme to be, but for what in the use and trial of them he findes that in truth they are. He accounts not an Ox therefore more terrible than a Lyon, because he is greater: nor a Pebble more desirable than a Pearle, because 'tis heavier: But he first collects the Excellencie of every thing from its usefulnessse, and tendency unto that end he aims at in the persuit after, or use of it, and then he proportions his affections according to that degree of excellency, he has thus rationally concluded to be in it. After this manner does he in the first place Lord it over his Passion, till in a long obedience she have served out her apprenticeship to his Reason: then is she

she deservedly enfranchised into a *vertue*,  
& so becomes at length her *Lords Mistress*:  
and 'tis she will gett him a reward for his ser-  
vice in *Heaven*.

Sect. 6. *His Magnanimity and Humility.*

There is a *Brave Heroick* vertue, which is  
as a *second soul* unto the true *Gentleman*, and  
*Enspirits* every part of him, with an admi-  
rable *Gallantry*: I mean, *Christian Mag-*  
*nanimity* and *Greatnesse* of *Soule*. This pre-  
sently heaves him up to that *size* that the  
wide *world* seemes too *strait* and *narrow* to  
containe him, or afford *room* enough for him  
to expresse the *activity* of his *Spirit*. This  
is it which teaches him to laugh at *small*  
things, and disdaine to go *lesse* then his  
*Name*. Being carried up on *high*, upon the  
wings of this *Vertue*, he casts down his eye  
upon those *little Happineses*, which seeme  
enough to satisfie the *narrow* souls of other  
men, with no little *contempt* and *scorne*;  
but on those poore *starvings* themselves,  
whose *earthly appetites* can make such *trash*  
their *diet*, with as much *pity* and *compassi-*  
*on*. It is this *Vertue* which so *ennobles*  
all

all his *actions* that they bear a just proportion to the *largeness* of his *thoughts*, and permits him to engage in nothing which is not truly *Honourable*. And it is this same *Vertue* which makes his own *Bosome* his *Treasury*, and that so *rich* and *self-sufficient*, that all the *external* felicities this world has or can *cast in* to the *Bargain*, are look'd upon by him with as slender a regard, as the *Widows Mite* would have been by the great *Lord of the Temple*, without a large *augmentation* for her *piety* and *devotion*. It is this *vertue* which makes him a *calme* in his own *breast*, when the whole world besides *rages* like a *troubled Sea* round about him. Let the *Storme* and *tempest* threaten never so loudly a *splitting* and a *wrack* to other *unballanced* soules: he knowes not how to fear, whilest his courage is his *Anchor*, and *Innocence* safe *Harbour*. This is it which makes him conclude their labour very ill spent, who for the cherishing of a childish humour, use to *sweat* and *consume* their *strength* and *spirits* in pursuit of a *Feather*: or *strain* their *backs* to take up every *straw* that *glisters* in their way. It ought to be a much nobler *Game* then such

a

a silly *Fly*, that this *Eagle* vouchsafes to  
stop to.

But as this brave *Virtue* thus teacheth  
the *Gentleman*, to be enough to himselfe, and  
rest content and satisfi'd with what he hath  
at home; so does it likewise teach him to be  
too much for himselfe, and commands him  
not to vindicate all of himselfe wholly to his  
own use and service. It were pittie so great  
a goodnesse should be thus confined within  
one subject, as not to be able to distribute  
something of it selfe to every one of its  
neighbours. Nay this *Christian Magna-*  
*nimity* doth so stretch out his Soule, that ever  
that too, seems to be communicated unto  
others besides himself. It is a kind of vio-  
lence and restraint to her to be pinned up  
within the narrow Province of one Indivi-  
duall body, and therefore she studies how  
she may enlarge, if not her Empire, yet her  
Charity; and makes a number by being the  
object of her bounty, the witnesses of her  
Greatness. Indeed so diffusive and spread-  
ing is *Virtue*, when she growes in so rich  
a soyle, that of a little she soone becomes  
great, and of One a Multitude. This Grain  
of Mustard-seed grows up so fast, and so



great, that many may reap the benefit of its growth, by partaking of its branches. And such a *Cloud*, as at first might appear but of an *hand breadth*, will suddainly make a *nation* happy in that refreshing *dew*, which by its *plenty*, will argue a strange *increase* alter so *small* an appearance. Indeed the *Gentleman* acts as if he intended, that his *soule* should in a short time *animate* the *Universe*; and make it more than ever the poor *Philosopher* could dream of, *One great Gentleman*; and the severall *Individuals* therein but the numerous *members* of his own body. Though the *indocile* and *untractable* spirits of the *common* sort of men be such as *force* him against his will to be *singular*: yet to show us how *unwilling* he is to *remaine* so, his *virtues* are too *charitable* to be long *alone*: and hence are all his *breathings* such, as might well be thought intended by him to *inspire* his company with something like himself: and all his *Actions* so many earnest *Essays*, towards the *assimulating* of their *Natures* unto his own. He is Master of so *inexhaustible* and *Miraculous* a treasury of *goodnesse*, that he may very well afford every man a *little*, and yet keep all unto himselfe.

He

He knowes not how to *be* good, and not to *do* good, and therefore one halfe of his study is to *give himselfe* away. Neither his *breast* nor his *purse* are ever *shut* to such as need him, and ( God knowes ) more *need* him, then will make *use* of him.

The *Gentleman* may well be compared unto a *Great Booke*, which alwayes lies wide open to the world; that whosoever wants advice or *counsell*, may freely *consult* him at pleasure: there they may *read*, that himselfe, as opportunity served him, has taken great paines to *copy out faire* in all his *Actions*, what ever is both *safe, great, and good*: thus in *one*, and at *once* they may behold both the *rules* of a *good life*, *Precept* and *Example*.

Nor doth this *vertue* more manifest it selfe in a *liberall distribution* and *instruction*, then in as *free* and *impartiall* a *correction* and *reproofe*, whensoever it is requisite, chusing much rather to *cross* the *humour* of his friend, then flatter his *vice*; and to lose his *friendship* here, then his *company* ( if it may be possible for him to have it ) in Heaven another day. He is not *afraid* to call every man by his *owne* name, or adde the *Epithete* which

which is due unto it: that so every one that comes into his presence, may be afraid to bring a *bad name* along with him. He can *envy* no man because he cannot see any one *better* than himselfe; neither yet can he *despise* any man, because he really *desires* every one should be as *good* as himselfe.

So that what's most of all commendable, this most excellent *vertue* is accompanied with a most exemplary *humility*; and there is nothing can more deservedly *exalt* him in the thoughts of *all* men, then this, that he is such a *Diminutive* in his own. Nor does this proceed from an *ignorance* of his owne excellencies, but rather hence, that he *knows* whence he *had* them. Neither does he therefore *preferre* every man in *Honour* before himselfe, because he knows not what other men are, but because he knows not what they may be. He is really so *high* that he may with ease *reach* Heaven, but he *makes* himselfe so *low* that he may goe in at the *strait gate*. When he looks upon his owne *vertues* ( which he had rather *show* than *see*, and *have* than *show* ) he will not think them *great*, because he intends to make them yet much *Greater*; neither can he tell how to  
applaud

applaud himself when he sees them great, because he knows well how little he either made or deserved them. It is this *vertue* that makes him much more desire the friendship of a *vertuous* begger, then the favour of a *vicious* and *licentious* Prince: because this he must assuredly lose, seeing he knows not how in a compliance to his humour to become wicked: but that shall never end, but last as long as his *Heaven*. He chuses his companions not by the outward habit of their body, but that *internal* of the soul: and sets an higher value on them for their *Merits*: then their *Births*. He is so little proud of what he is, that he is indeed very *Humble* for what he is *not*. He will never be perswaded (as most of those we call *Gallants* do) to pride himself in his *Vanity*, Boast of his folly, and Glory in his *Prophanesse*.

SECT. 10. *His Charity and Temperance.*

The Gentlemans *Charity*, is no other then his *Soul* drawn out to his fingers ends. Every peice of money he hath, bears as well the *Impression* and *Image* of this *vertue*, as that of his *Prince*: and this is it which makes him

him value the *Coyne more*, and the *Silver Iesse*. He is indeed that true *Briareus*, which has as many *hands*, as he meets with *receivers*: and for this cause he is look'd upon as a *Monster* in these latter dayes, and very rarely to be met with.

The courie he takes to *air his Bags*, and keep them from *moulding*, is to *distribute* freely to *all* that are in *need*. If he take some paines to become *richer* then others it is onely to put a *cheat* upon that which men miscall *Fortune*, and to manifest he hath a *power* so great as hers: that is, to make himselfe *poor* again at his pleasure: and to show that *charity* can entertaine as *rich* servants as *she*. Though God hath indulged him the *priviledge* and *inheritance* of an *Elder brother* in the world, yet he wisely considers that the *youngest* of all may in equity challenge a *childs portion*. He esteems it a very high *Honour*, that God hath vouchsafed to make him *one* of the *Stewards* in *His great Family*: and he is nothing *ambitious* of his *Epithete* to his *Name*, or *reward* of his *pains* who is recorded in the *Gospel* for his *injustice*.

When by giving to the poor, he lends to the



the Lord, the Honour of being the Lords Creditor is all the interest he expects; and doubtlesse this, *Happinesse* is not every mans, to have God his *Dibtor*. He accounts it much the *safer* way, to trust his *Charity* than his *Luxury* with the *Bag*; the former will bring in an *even reckoning* in *Heaven*; the latter perhaps a *jolly one* in the *Taverne*, but a very *sad one* in *Hell*. He delights not to see any thing *starve* but his *Lusts*, he lets these *crave* without an *answer*, and *die* without *compassion*. I would to God, there were many in the world such as hee, we should then see *fewer Beggars*, and *more Gentlemen*. Mens *Backs* and *Bellies* would not then so frequently *rob* and *undo* their *soules*: Nowadaies, the *Gentlemans clothes* wind about his *body*, and his *body* about his *Soule*, with no greater *kinnesse*, then the *twining Ivy* about the *Oake*; the *Apparell* sucks away the *nourishment* which is due to the *body*, and *this* that *other* which we owe to the *Soule*.

Where he is not able to make his *Estate* adequate to his *desert*; he takes a better course, and *Levels* his *desires* to his *Fortune*: though he *seldome* have all that he *deserves*,  
yet

yet he *alwaies* has whatsoever he *covets*. He never wants *much* of that which is *needful*, because he *enjoyes* all that he is in *love* with. He makes his *life* and *health*, not his *Estate* or *ambition*, the *standard*, his *Reason*, and not his *Humour*, the *judge* of his *Necessities*.

Such is his *Temperance* and *Sobriety* in the use of those *Creatures*, of which by Gods *blessing* he is made *owner*: that he *sacrifices* very *much* to his *God* in the *relief* of the indigent, *nothing* to *sin*, in satisfying the importunate cravings of his *carnal lusts*. Above all he is *ashamed*, when *Fortune* hath used him very *hardly*, and spoil'd him of many opportunities of exercising his *boonny* and his *charity*, to permit his *lusts* to use him yet *worse*, and leave him *nothing* at all. He scornes *first* to *swagger* and *swill* away his *estate*, and *then* *curse* his *fortune* for using him so *roughly*; *first* to *make* himielfe a *Begger*, and then cry out upon his *poor* condition: or to *complaine* he is as *poor* as *Job*, when every day he *fares* as *deliciously* as *Dives*. When he has the *least*, he shows that he is able to live with *lesse*: and when he is brought into a *low* condi-

tion, he tries how he could beare up in a low-  
er; and proves by his *cheerfulness* in that  
some would call *want and misery*, that  
*Happinesse* does not consist in *superfluities*.  
He is content with any thing, and by this  
meanes enjoys all things: and is so *Charita-*  
*ble* of a little, that it is evident in that little  
he wants not much.

He chuses rather to be well in the morn-  
ing, then drunke overnight, and at any time  
had rather be free from the Sin, then please  
his *Companions* with the *Frelick*. His mo-  
ney is too little to love, but too much to  
throw away: and he had much rather give  
it then lose it: preferring his *charity* before  
his *Game*, and the *poore mans life*, before his  
*owne wantonnesse* and *riot*: though he had  
never so much, he could never have more  
then enough, because he sees so many that  
want what he has, and pitties all he sees in  
want. He looks upon his *estate* as that which  
was given him for *use* and not for *wast*:  
and upon so much of it as he loses at play, as  
that whereby he hath reb'd himself of a *ver-*  
*tue*, and another of a *comfortable livelihood*  
and he cannot sport himselfe with such  
losses.

SECT. II. *His Valour and Prudence.*

Having spoken already of the Gentlemans *Magnanimity*, I shall need to add very little of his *valour*; which he exercises more in obeying his God, then Opposing his *Brethren*. His highest piece of *Fortitude* is that whereby he conquers himselfe and his sin; and in this he is alway practising. He knowes that by thus becoming his own captive, he shall not want the *usage* of a Gentleman; and thus being made his own Lord too, he is sure to be free from all the world besides. He looks upon it as the basest degree of *Cowardice*, to yeild unto those feeble *passions*, which, did not both *Reason* and *Religion* step into their  *Succour*, would certainly become the prey of every light and empty toy. His Christian *Fortitude* is such, that he fears not to *Encounter* the Great *Goliath* of Hell, or an whole *Army* of such *Philistians* as have set themselves in array against his *Happiness*, all at once: not though they be such, as by their *Cunning* have already got within him: He never gives over resisting the *Devill* till he have

put him to flight. He hath that greatest courage which is so rarely found in others, who would be called *Gentlemen*, he dares be *Religious* in spite of the *World*. He sets himself, without betraying the least timidity, against the great *Bugbear*, which so scares most men, not onely out of their wits, but out of all good actions, shame, or derision. These are they which, as the *Elephants* in King *Pyrus* his Army terrified the *Romans* with their prodigious *Bulke*, do so affright the greatest part of our *Gentry*, that they never leave flying till they tumble into the *Bottomlesse Pit* together. The true Gentleman, like the stout *Minucius*, has by experience proved these *Monsters* to be of more *Bulke* than *Mettall*, and to want nothing but an *Adversary*, to bring them into *Subjection*.

The *True Gentleman* hath so much true valour, as not to fear the brand of a *Coward*, where his courage should be his *sin*, and his conquest his *ruine*. He is ever the fugitive in such a chase, and dare boast of nothing but being routed. 'Tis then alone he fears not death, when he is sure there is no *Hell* will follow it. His life is more deare to him, then that



that he should be content to part with it for any thing lesse then *Heaven*. He has an *Honour*, and that's his *Religion*, a *Mistress* too to vindicate and defend from all injuries and affronts, and that's his owne *Soul*: For the sakes of *these two* he is engaged in many a *Duel*, with those *Heresies* and those *sins*, which would *strain* and *corrupt* the one, or *steale* away and *deflower* the other.

He thinks that *Honour* too deare which must be bought with a *Murder*; and a *Name* which is never to be *worne*, but by his *Monument*, none of the *cheapest*, when purchased with his *life*. He has much *homster* thoughts of his *Mistresse*, then to think her such a *Proserpine* that either *he* or his *Rivall* must be sent to *Hell*, before *either* can enjoy her.

There is indeed a *Beauty*, for which the *Gentleman* thinks it no *loss* to *die*, but such an one as is often *blacke*, though alwaies *lovely*: I meane, his owne *Mother* and his *Saviour's Spouse*; the *Church of God*: and there is an *Honour* which he holds *cheap* enough when bought with the high price both of *life* and *livelihood*, though (if he might have his choise) he had rather pre-  
serve

serve both to maintain it, then lose either to purchase it, *Loyalty* to his *Prince*, and *Fidelity* to his *Countrie* : For these he does not fear to *Embrace a Stake*, to make the *Scaffold* his *Bed*, and a *Blocke* his *Pillow*: seeing he is assured, that whosoever thus lies downe to rest at night, shall without faile rise againe to *Glory* in the morning. He holds it much more desirable to live a *Begger*, then to die a *Traytor* : And that his *Honour* and *Conscience* should expose him to *Tyranny* and *Violence*, then his *Treachery* or *Hypocrisie* buy out his temporall security. He thinkes it no great matter to trust that God with his *Person* and his *Family*, who hath trusted him with his *Spouse* and his *Children*.

Hence is the *Gentlemans* prudence, the *Legitimate Daughter* of *Loyalty* and *Conscience*, not the *Bastard* of *Covetousnesse* and *Cowardice* : 'tis mixt of *Discretion* and *Wisdom*, not *Craft* and *Knavery*. He was never yet so blindly zealous, as to worship a *Golden Calfe* for a *God*, that so he might keepe his *Chest* from being broken open: Nor was he ever so absolute a *Statesman*, as to call *Rebellion* *Reformation*, for fear of *Poverty*,

or an *Halter*. His naturall affection to wife and children is such that he would enjoy them for ever in happinesse; and therefore his care is so to part with them now, that he may meet them againe in *Heaven*, not in *Hell*, hereafter: His whole *Policy* is to avoid an eternall, though by incurring a temporall, misery: Such a *Politician* onely he thinks fit for *Heaven*, that hath prudently managed his *Lords* affaires upon *Earth*; he cannot call him either a prudent or a faithfull *Ambassador*, who prosecutes his owne designe with more earnestnesse then his *Masters*: or acts more vigorously for the advancement of his owne particular interest, then the *Publick* good, or his *Princes* Honour.

It is his *prudence* to secure what's best, by the losse of what's indifferent, whensoever he is necessitated to part with one of the two; and he chuses rather freely to part with that which he is onely sure once to lose, and by that losse become eternally happy, then to throw away that which in spight of violence he might for ever have kept, and can never part with, without his utter ruine: If tares must spring up amongst the good corne in that field wherein God has intended him a labourer;

labourer, he had rather show by his *active-  
ness* that they were not sowne whilest he  
*sleep*; then by a *covetous laziness* give the  
*enemy* an opportunity of compassing his  
designes, or occasion the disheartning all  
his *brethren*, by withdrawing his shoulder,  
and leaving them alone to beare the *burthen*  
in the *heat* of the day. He can think it a  
greater *prudence* with the Disciples of his  
Lord; to leave his *Father* and his *net*, to fol-  
low a *Saviour* through *persecution* into *Hea-  
ven*; then with the carking *fool*, to lie mo-  
delling out a *Barn* which may contain his  
*wealth*, and in the mean time suffer his *soul*  
to be stoln out of his Body by the sedulous  
craft of the *seducer*.

Sect. 12. *His behaviour in both Fortunes.*

If *Fortune* smile upon him, and be indeed  
such as he dare call her *good*, he makes it his  
businessse to be altogether as *good* as she,  
and will be sure as well to *deserve* as to wear  
her *Livery*. His care is that her good usage  
of him may be rather deemed the just re-  
ward of his own *moderation* and good *Hus-  
bandary*; then the unmerited *Bounty* of so

*blind a Mistress. He makes Prosperity a motive to his Piety, not ( as others ) the opportunity of displaying his Vanity. He proves by his example, that he most happily enjoys the World, that glories least in the enjoyment of it. He looks upon his present flourishing condition , rather as that which is not without ingratitude to be refused, then with eagernesse to be desired, and upon what he now possesses , as that which he knowes not how soone he may lose ; and therefore he makes himselfe now so carelesse an owner, that ( if the wind chance to turne ) he may prove a cheerfull and contented loser. He dares not phancy himselfe one jot the neerer Heaven, for being thus mounted on the deceitfull wings of Fortune, lest when the contrary wind of adversity dismounts him, and his unexpected fall awakes him from his pleasant dreame , he should find himselfe to be really as low , as he was before but seemingly high. If Fortune be content to lodge with him as his ghest , she is welcome; But he cannot be so dotingly enamour'd of her, as to entertaine her, either as his wife , or his harlot ; lest either an untimely divorce should brake his heart, or she should*



should bring a *Bastard* for a *Son*, and so at length *shame* and *disgrace* him. He can neither so farre *flatter* her as to call her *Goddesse*, which he knowes of her selfe to be no more but a *name*; nor so far *Honour* her as to *ask* her *blessing*, because he knowes that whatsoever *goodnesse* men are apt to ascribe unto her, is but one of the *meanest* blessings of a *greater* then *she*. Laugh she never so heartily, her *pleasantness* shall never *overjoy* him, seeing (for ought he knowes) she either does or may ere long *laugh* at him, and if she *Frown*, he can frown as fast as *she*, and that for her *kindnesse*. He never *relies* upon her, because he knowes she is naturally so *unconstant*: nor can he see any reason why he should be *proud* of being her favourite, because he may every where behold many of the most *undeserving* altogether as much in her *Favour* as himself.

To speake the whole, the *true Gentleman* hath so slight an esteem of *Fortune*, that he cannot vouchsafe her the *Honour* of a *Being*, but leaves that to those poor *Heathens* who were indeed as *blind* as they *supposed* her to be. Whatsoever *blessings* he enjoyes

he received them, as indeed they are, as the bounties of an indulgent father, with thanks and love, and he uiseth them to that end, for which he supposes so good and prudent a father would bestow them on a beloved Son; so that he may make them as much instruments of his owne good, as they are testimonies of his Fathers affection. He looks upon his Prosperity, not so much as a reward for doing well, as an encouragement to do more, and an opportunity of doing better: Much lesse can he thinke his flourishing condition, as many seem to do, a piece of Heavens flattering Courtship, where no more is intended, then the affording him an opportunity of pampering up his lusts; and making himself a Glorious Sinner. Seeing he has already received so bountifull a reward for doing so little, he accounts it a shame for the future not to make himselfe a fit object for a greater, by doing both more and better. Such an ingenious spirit hath the Gentleman, that he thinkes every reward for what's past, an obligation to future good services; and he had rather wait with patience for all his arrears together, then ever be thought to have received the last payment here.

If

If it be his lot to groane out his dayes under the heavy pressures of affliction: he is not like the inconsiderate *drunkard*, who in the morning after his *double* intemperance in *drinking*, and *sleeping* complaineth that his *head akes*, and begins to *curse* his *Pillow*, and his *Bed maker*, for his want of ease; forgetting to turne that *sinne* out of doores which occasion'd all this the day before: Nor like a *wretched* and *impenitent Malefactor*, who when he is hurried away to a just *Execution*, does nothing but *cry out* upon the *hard heart* of his *Judge*, and the *Rigour* of the *Lawes*; *Cursing* the *Executioner*, but forgetting to *repent* him of the *murther* or the *robbery* which brought his *body* into the hands of *this* executioner, and will, unrepented of, deliver his *soul* into the far lesse mercifull of *another* hereafter: But like a naturall and hopefull child, he seriously considers his owne *errors*, which provoked his Father thus to *Chastise* him; and so by *stroking* the hand, and *kissing* the rod, and humbly *begging* pardon for his offence, he sets his fathers affections, which before he had *turn'd aside*, not *lest*, into their owne proper *channell* againe.

He

He looks upon his *Afflictions* with one eye, as *Corrections*, and so blames himself for the *occasion*, but bleſſeth God for the *Charity* with the other, as *Tryals*, and ſo makes it his care that he come not all dross out of the *Furnace*. The ſame fire which *conſumes* others, doth but refine his ſoule, and ſeparating from it, the more groſſe and *Terrene Mixtures*, makes it the fitter for Heaven. He grudges not to undergoe the *Winnowing*, ſo he may be ſure to loſe the *Chaffe*, and be made all *Wheat*, ſuch as his Lord may thinke fit to receive into his *Garner*. He is aſhamed to thinke that God ſhould loſe his paines, and the more he *threshes*, finde onely more *ſtraw* but leſſe *Corne*: rather, like good grain from the *Mill*, he comes forth from the *grinding*, more in *meaſure*, purer in *colour*, and readier for *uſe* and *ſervice*. Though a *Brier*, or a *Thorn*, may *ſcratch* or *pricke* his *hee*le a little in his way to Heaven, and draw a little *uſeleſſ* blood, though he may ſometimes be ſo *intangled* in the *Brambles*, that he may be forced to part with ſomething of his *fleece*, and perhaps ſo much of his *ſkin* too, as may make it *ſmart* a while; Yet has he

too high a soul, to fall so much within the reach of these creeping Brambles, as to receive from them the least scratch in his face. He alwaies carries an head as erect as his hopes are high; and takes great care that neither his Religion, his Honesty, nor his Honour be made to suffer by it.

He dares not make either a base compliance with the vices of his persecutors, the refuge of his cowardice; or the wings of the Potent, by bribing their Ambition with flattery and dissimulation, his Sanctuary of protection. He will not attempt the lightning of his sufferings by a voluntary casting any part of his estate into the devouring Treasury of the Churches Enemy; nor hope to appease the wrath of a displeased God, by bringing an oblation to the Avarice of his oppressors; neither doth he essay to drown his sorrowes in the bottom of his Cup: But he flies, and takes Sanctuary at the Horns of the Altar: and by a magnanimity which becomes a Gentleman, shoves that true Honour, is a Jewel indeed, such as will not break with the Hammer: His Religion, like the Flint, never so much discovers those holy fires of zeal and devotion, which were  
not



not before so apparent, as when it most experiences the *violence* of the *hardest steel* : And his *innocence* is so perfectly *malleable*, that the more you *beat* it, the *broad*er it grows. In short, the Gentleman carries himselfe so *evenly* betwixt these *Contrary* winds, that he is neither *shaken* by the one nor *puff'd up* by the other : He is such in *prosperity*, that he does not *fear* *adversity* : and such in *adversity*, that he need not to *wish* for *prosperity* ; such indeed in *both*, that it shall never *repent* him. that he hath talted *either*.

Sect. 13. *His respect and affection for his Country.*

The true Gentleman is no lesse *serviceable* to his *Country*, then *Honourable* in himselfe. He cannot phancy himselfe so *great*, as to forget that he is but a *creature*, and so made for *something* ; and till he can *perswade* himselfe to be a *God* (who is his owne *End* and *Happinesse* ) he cannot think that he was made *onely* to serve *himselfe*. He that made him made him a *brother* to many, and he owes a *duty of love* unto them all.

He

He is not like a lump of *Gold* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*. which is neither for *sight* nor *service*; but like *that* which having once received the *stamp* of the *Prince*, is ever after *current*, and *usefull* for *many*. Neither resembles he the *Glow-worms* or a *rotten stick* in the *darke*, which hath no more *light* then will show it selfe to be *something*, though no body by that *light* alone knowes *what*; but *illuminates* nothing else about it: no, he rather emulates the *Sun* in the *Firmament*, from which this *Inferiour World* receives all its *life* and *vigour*. Thus the *Gentleman* is continually scattering the *rays* and *influence* of his *vertues* round about him, quite through all that lies within the wide *Sphere* of his *motion*. As amongst the *Elements*, the most *Noble* and *Pure*, is alwaies the most *Active* too, and most *profitable*, as well as most *high* and *distant*: And as the *highest* of bodies, to wit, the *Celestiall* cannot naturally *rest*, but indeed by their continuall and swift *motion*, do never faile to *labour* for the *benefit* of the *whole World* besides: So is this *Little Heaven* and *glory* of mankind, never without some commendable *businessse* and *employment*, and such

such as shall assuredly at last tend unto the great good and advantage, of as many as be within the *compasse* of his influence.

The *Gentleman* (without doubt) is made for some other end, then to stand, like a fair and goodly *Tulip*, in a *painted pot*, in some *window* or other *corner* of the *Chamber*, onely to grace the *Room*, without either *smell* or other *apparent vertue*: He is rather like the sweet and lovely *Rose*, which *perfumes* the *Air* all about it, and is besides, no less *medicinal*, then *fragrant*. If ever the *Gentleman* seem to be *idle*, he does no more but seem so. He onely sets himselfe down a while, as he would do a *Bottle* of precious *Water*, which has been troubled by much *motion*, that so it may by a *settling* of its heavier parts become *clear* again: Thus does he order his *Soul*, that after she hath been violently *shaken* to and fro, and much troubled with the affairs of the *World*, he may by this *rest*, give leave to the more *terrene* parts therein to draw towards the *bottom*, that so the *Grosser descending*, his *best* and *clearest thoughts* may again be *supermost* and at *Liberty*. He carries not his *fine* body up and down the *streets*, as men use to  
do

do their *Dancing-horses* in a *Faire*, onely to be seen, and make sport for the *Spectators*: No, though never so gloriously trick'd up, and accoutred, yet does he ireely stoop, to take some part of that weighty burthen of the *Commonwealth* upon his back; and never walks with more ease, nor showes more real state, then when thus loaden.

He cannot call him a *man* that is without all calling, knowing that every *servant* (and every *man* ought to be Gods *servant*) how proud soever must have his *worke*, seeing God hath so blest him with *abundance*, that he needs not *worke* for his *own bread*, he will in *gratitude* to God, *worke* for his *Countrys peace* and *safety*. He scornes to have it thought, that he is the onely cumbersome thing in the *Nation*, the onely *Wen* in the *Body Politick*, which growes great onely by sucking away that *nourishment*, which should feed and strengthen the *serviceable* members, and is good for nothing at length but to improve the *Chirurgion's skill*, and the *patience* of the *diseased*. Those parts and members of the man which are *uppermost* in the body, and most honourable, are alwaies most busied too for the Good of the whole:  
In

In the *Head* are placed the *Eye* and the *Eare*, and the *Organs* of *sense*; there is too the *Understanding*, *Phancy* and *Judgement*, to *see*, to *heare*, *discerne*, *contrive*, *plot*, and *direct*: and as he knowes it is his *honour* to be made a *part* of the *Head* of his *Country*; so doth he owne it his *duty*, not to refuse the exercise of that *office* which belongs unto him. Hence he thinkes, it an *unworthinesse* in him, not onely, to do *ill*, but to do *no good*; and these *two* he can very hardly *distinguish*, as some would faine doe, seeing undoubtedly that which doth *no good*, is *good for nothing*, and this is to be *starke naught*.

He holds it to be (as indeed it is) a crying shame, whilst the *Taylor*, and the *Cobbler* are justly reckon'd among the *Necessary* members of a *Commonwealth*, that the *Gentleman*, who takes it as an affront not to be thought much *better* then such *mechanicks*, should not be so much as *usefull* to the place where he lives: or at most, but as the *trimming* is to a good *suit*, or the *haire* to the *head*, which may be *cut off* and throwne away, and no great hurt done to either. This indeed is the *Gentlemans* priviledge,  
not



not to be servant to any *one* particular Member, but to the *whole* body, and that whilest others in their inferiour Condition are onely made capable of serving a *few*, but fortune is such as will allow him to be truly serviceable unto *all*, Herein consists his *Honour*, that he is not put to worke as a *drudge* or *journey-man* but is a *Freeman* indeed, and *Master* of his Trade, and whilest others *toyle* hard, and receive a *scant* pittance when their worke's done, He is able to worke *gratis*, and so oblige a great part of the world by his *service*. Indeed this must needs be the greatest obligation can be laid upon the *Gentleman*, to labour *harder*, and do better then other men, because he is beforehand, not onely furnished with good *tooles*, by an *Ingenuous Education*, to worke withall; but hath (as we said) received so great a part of his *reward* already, and yet is assured of an infinitely greater yet behind. How is he ashamed to *deceive* him by his *Idleness*, who of his great *goodness* hath so farre already *trusted* to his *honesty*?

As he *refuseth* no Employment, which may render him according to the measure

M

of

of his Abilities *serviceable* to his *Country*; so is he no way *ambitious* of that which he knowes to be *above* his *strength* and *reach*. As his great *love* to his *Countrie* perswades him not to *refuse* the *higher*, so doth his *military* Command him to *accept* the *lower*: he accounts no burthen *heavie* which he is *able* to *bear*; nor any *light* which is either *beyond*, or not *worth* his *bearing*. He makes not his *Ease* and *excuse*, nor the *Difficulty* an *apologie* for his *refusall*. He dischargeth his trust with that *fidelity*, which will be sure to *gaine* him, though perhaps the *hatred* of the *Bad*, yet the *applause* and *love* of the *Good*, and the *unanimous thanks* of his *Countrie*.

#### §. 14 His studies and Recreations.

That he may in good time be fitted for the *Calling* he intends, he begins to thinke upon it early in the *Morning* of his age; and accustomes himselfe to the *yoake* whilst he is *young*, that so he may bear it without *galling* his neck when he growes *old*. He make it *now* his *businesse* to gather the *Thyme*, which he intends shall prove *Hony* hereafter

hereafter, and to lay up in the *Spring* what may stand him in stead when his *winter* is come. That he may indeed be *young* in *Old-age*, he learns to be *old* in his *youth*: and he sucks so much out of every science now, as *Experience* and *years* may by *degrees* hereafter improve into that *Prudence* which becomes a *Gentleman*.

Having in his greener years onely so much *discretion*, as to find the want of what he should have, he is willingly directed by the *prudence* of another, till he can get enough for himselfe. He is not *Impatient* of *Subjection* now to that wise and grave *Instructor*, from whose both *dictates* and *examples* he hopes to gaine so much as may make him the *Instructor* of others hereafter: And he learns so betimes to *obey*, that the world may never have reason to say he began to *Command* too soone. It is his choice to live under a *severe* discipline, rather than to be left to himselfe as his *owne* Master; lest perhaps failing in his *first* Command, whereby he should have Govern'd himself, he might despaire of better successe in his *second* of commanding others.

His first care therefore now is to be wholly guided

guided by him to whose prudence he is intrusted; lest by rejecting him, he might seem to disparage the judgment of his parents, who made that choice for him. Where the Commands laid upon him seem to him irrational, so long as he knowes them not sinful, he had rather distrust his own judgment, then neglect his directors counsel. and he never thinks himself (as very many doe) a better man then his guide, till he be sure he knowes the way to that he aimes at, better then he. He that shoves himself more to be his own man, at his own disposal, then by this unconstrained act of resigning himselfe up unto another.

When he is come to that maturity of Age and Discretion, as to be able to benefit himself by his Company, he will be sure to make choise of such Companions as may serve him instead of Books, and of such Books as he intends shall often serve him for Companions; He is not ashamed to be now the worst man in that Company wherein he may learne from his betters, how to be the best in another: this is much more honourable, then to be the best man there, where he can never learne to be better, but often

often worse then he was before.

The *Studies* whereunto he cheerfully applies himselfe, are such as will more make the man, then please the Boy. He takes delight in nothing which will send him back again towards his *Infancy*, but *Innocence*. As for *Poetry* and such like pleasing studies, he does not wholly neglect them, but uses them as good *sauces* to make others more substantial, and nourishing relish the better. He loves not to spend his time in cracking Empty Nuts without a Kernel; nor to break his tender teeth by gnawing upon Sapples bones. Neither Nice Criticisms nor tough Notions, can recompence him for the vast expence of that precious time, he should be at in making himselfe the Master of either. When he is entred into the fair garden of the *Muses* it is not his onely businesse to pick up here and there a few leaves to hide the Nakednesse of his discourse; or to adorne it with Blossomes and flourishes out of some Poetick figment, or Romantick story; but he gathers, eats, and digests, that which is fruit indeed, and such as is truly wholesome and nourishing: Nor doth he, as the Emperours Army, lie loytering, and picking



up Cockle shells upon the shores of good literature, but he boldly launches out into the maine Ocean, and there contemplates the wonders of the deep. It is not his designe to be called, *Witty Gentleman*, and such an one as can talke high, and breath flashes, and thunder out big words, and store himselfe with so many jests, and so much Bombast, as may tickle some, and stupifie others; he studies more to make himselfe a man, then a Companion; and more how to live and do well, then talke finely. True Histories, and Sound Politicks, and grave Morall discourses, are the fruitfull Gardens where his *Muses* doe ordinarily recreate themselves: that so by his Pleasures as well as Paines both the Common-wealth may in due time be happy in him, and he in himselfe. As for those lighter and more ayery studies, such as too frequently by their lovely paint & dissembled beauty, scale away the amorous and unfixed youth of most Gentlemen, he makes the same use of them which he does of his Galleries or his Arbours; whither, now and then he comes to take a turne or two for Recreation's sake, and as he passes along sometimes casts a carelesse eye upon those

those many pretty blossomes or pictures which he finds there. These may for a moment or two command his eye, but never his affection. Of such toyes he had rather say hereafter that he *has seen* them, then that he *knowes* them. He would be ignorant of nothing, but he would onely be acquainted with the best. He has a more Masculine stomach, then to feed upon that which is all sauce, but if there be a little in the Dish, to make him relish his meat the better, he is not displeased with it, though so long as his meat of it selfe is good, he doth not greedily desire it.

Divinity can never lie out of the true Gentlemans way, because he is alwaies going towards Heaven: For notwithstanding he seems so pale-faced, and of so soure a Countenance to those that love her not, because they do not know her; yet is there so much heavenly beauty, and so many noble features discernable in her face, by the Gentlemans undistemper'd Eye, that he soon begins in earnest to love her, and he can never go on farre in any other path whatsoever, but he must often cast a longing Eye back upon her. Still bearing in mind the

happy place whither he is travelling with so good a will, he calls in at other *Arts* and *Sciences* as at so many *Innes*, to take a short *repast* by the way: or he stands looking upon them a while, as upon so many *way-marks* set up at the several *turnings* and *cross paths* that from them he may receive *directions* which way to turne: But the *knowledge* of his *God*, that's the way he constantly *walks* in, and that which will certainly bring him at last to that *home*, where he shall meet with a *Welcome*, which will abundantly recompence the *tediousness* of his *journey*; and an *entertainment* suitable to the *Quality* of a *Gentleman*.

His way being *long*, it is not amisse that he allowes himselfe sometimes a *recreation* and *diversion*. But then his *recreation* shall be alwaies such as he *dares not* make his *business*, and yet such as he *dares* safely make his *play*: It hath alwaies so much of *Innocence* as to be *blamelesse*, and so much *Brevity* as to be no *Hinderance*. It has so much *Youthfulness*, as not to be a *Business*, and yet so much *Business* as not to be *Boyish*. It shall bring with it so much real *pleasure* as may make it a *refreshment*, and yet so

little

little loveliness, as may spoil the temptations. He may step over the Hedge into the pleasant Meadow, and pluck a sweet flower or two to smell to as he goes along, but he dares not lie him down, or rowle himselfe upon the tender grasse, lest he should be tempted to too long a stay and thereby be benighted in his journey.

He thinks it no prudence to fall in love with any sport, which like a cunning thiefe, smiles him in the face; whilest it cuts his purse, steals away his time, and cheats him of a good Conscience. If *Agar* once begin thus to insinuate her selfe into those affections, which are only due to her Mistress; out of doors she shall goe: He intends not to sell his Charity at so cheap a rate, as the false pleasure of his game; Nor has he so little either thrift or Religion, as to make so foolish an Exchange, and part either with his Soule or his Time for the Transitory delight of a dangerous temptation. His usual Recreation therefore is, to make a play of his Study. He makes one study, like a shooting-borne, to draw on another, and makes the variety the recreation. Thus he takes the surest course that may be for making, his  
Study

*Study so much his Delights, he saves himselfe the labour of studying for a Passe-time.*

*§. 15. His Good Husbandry at Home.*

When the Gentleman comes to have the managing of his owne *Estate*, he takes pains to instruct the World, how farr a man may be *Frugall* with *Honour*; and a *Good Husband* without a suspicion of being *worldly* or *covetous*, and againe how *freely* a man may spend his *Estate*, and yet be no *prodigall*. He bath so *Circumspect* and watchfull an Eye upon all his *affaires*, that you may see he had much rather give away his *estate*, then be cheated of it. He would be cozen'd of nothing, for feare of losing the opportunity of bestowing much. As he would not allow the *unfaithfulnessse* of a *servant*, to prevent the *Bounty* of the *Master*; so neither would he have the *Masters negligence* to occasion the *servants dishonesty*.

His *Table* is moderate, that so his *Charity* and *Hospitality* may exceed: as he studies to be good *himselfe*, so endeavours he to make every member of the *Family* as good as he; and he will have his *servants* to be his



his *Disciples*, no lesse then his *Children*, Neither ever does he so *wholly* vindicate there *service* to *himself*, but he allowes them *time enough* to *pay* what they owe both to *God* and their *owne* *soules*.

If his condition of life be *single*, he so be-  
haves himselfe therein, that no man shall  
thence be able to conclude, either that he  
wants a *Wife*, or his *house* a *Mistress*; So  
much *Chastity* has the *one*, and so much *good*  
*order* is there in the *other*. But if he thinke  
it fit to *change* his condition, he endeavours  
to chuse a *second selfe*, that may *suite* with  
the *former*; that so they may be ( as neare  
as he can effect it ) one *Spirit*, as well as  
one *flesh*. Whom, not long agoe, he *courted*  
rather as a *Vertue* then a *Mistresse*, he  
now *uses* as a *wife*, and not as a *servant*; not  
( as 'tis usually of late ) calling her *Mistress*  
and *Lady* before she be his *wife*, whom he  
intends to make his *drudge* all her life time  
after. Nor does he ( as too many ) marry  
*onely* for *Money*; knowing that *such* are in  
danger of committing *Adultery* after *Mar-*  
*riage*, seeing they never marri'd the *Woman*,  
but her *Portion*: With him *Vertue* and *Love*,  
not *Money* and *Parentage*, make the match:  
and

and the *question* he asks, is not—*What has she?* but—*What is she?* He makes *Prudence* and *Religion* the *guides* of his *Love*; and so he becomes as good an *Husband* and *Father*, as before he was a *man*.

### Sect. 16. His Religion.

I have told you ( Sir ) already that the Gentleman is not *ashamed* to be call'd a *Religious* man; although that *Epithete* be thought no better then a terme of *debasement*, by the *degenerate* Gentry of our age. He *owns* a *God*, and he *Worships* him, and makes that *Honour* which he observes *others* to render unto *God*, the ground of his respect to *them*. He looks upon no man as a *Gentleman*, but *him* alone, who derives his *pedigree* higher then from *Adam*, even from *Heaven*: and he accompts all those who can brook any *Dis honour* or *Contempt* of their *God*, that one *Common Father* of us all, as a *Bastard* and no *Son*. It would be no *Honour* for him to seek an acquaintance here upon *Earth*, and therefore by his frequent *Devotions* he often goes to seek out a better in *Heaven*; where he may be sure

to meet. with such as shall be worth his keeping. He dares call every man a *Fool* to his face, who with *Dauids Fool*, suffers either his *tongue* or his *heart* to say, *There is no God.*

If you ask him what *Religion* he is of, his answer is ready, of his *mothers*; that is, he is a *true Son* of the *Church*: And yet is he onely so far *her Son*, as he sees her willing to continue his *Saviors Spouse*. Neither is he content to be still an *Infant* in Religion, and to be taught onely (as *mothers* use to teach their *young children*) to say his *prayers* and his *Creed* by rote, but he *prays* and *believes* and *practices* all truly by heart. Notwithstanding, he never forgets his *Mother*, nor neglects to *Honour* her with his *Life* and *Substance*. He is alwaies more ready to take her *Directions* for the *Forme* and *Method* of all his *duties*, then to be *Disciplined* by all those *Chatting Dry-Nurses* which are so busy about him, such as indeed have *talke* enough, but (alas) no *Milke*, whose whole businesse is indeed to make him *undutiful* to his own *Mother*, and to set light by all her *Counsels*, and *Commands*: perswading him to believe that a *true Child*  
of

of God, not subject to a Mother in any thing, And they never show their *venomous* teeth more plainly, then when they go about to make him forget what this Mother of all *Christians*, by a strict Command from her *Dearest Lord*, has ever been most careful to teach all her children, to say—OUR FATHER.

He goes not to Church to save his Credit or his Purse, to see his friend, or speak with his *Tenant*, but to meet his *Heavenly Father*, and Commune with his God, and take *Directions* from him how to behave himself the following Week or Day. When he is there, he makes his heart accompany his tongue, and his Eare keep time with the Preacher. Every Morning and Evening, like a Dutifull Son, he in private Confesseth his faults, and begs his Fathers pardon and blessing; and for the better ordering of his following duties, reads over with care and humility some part of those *Directions*, which he had long since commanded his servants to set down in writing for his use.

He chuseth his Religion, not by its commonness but its truth: and often weighs each branch

branch of it in the *Balance* of the *Sanctuary*, that he may be sure it is *full weight*. He takes it not up by *votes*, nor (as it is most evident too many do) thrust his hand at all, *peradventure* into an Hat-full of *Lots*, being content with whatsoever he *hits* on *first*; for should he goe the *first* way to work, he knows, he should be sure to have, not what's *best* and *soundest*, but the *easiest*, and most *gainful*; if the latter, it is an hundred to one that he shall draw a *blanck*, and be made an *Atheist* for his labour. Here he dares not by any means follow or embrace what's most in *Fashion*, for that ('tis clear, is *Hypocrisie*, the cunning *Sister* of *Atheisme*, or *Atheisme* *shamed* or *frighted* into *conformity*; but he professes that which is most *Ancient*, for that ( he may be sure ) will at last be found most true.

His *Religion* is not such a *Young, Light*, and *wanton* *Girl*, as pleases the vain *Phancy* of every giddy *Interested Professor*; but such a *Grave Matron*, whose natural *Beauty* and *Constancy*, the *Gray-haires* of *Prudence* and *Sobriety*, have ever judged to be truly *Venerable* and most deserving of the *Christians* embraces. This is that worthy *Lady*, which



which he dayly courts to make her the *Mistress* and *Protectress* of his *Soule*, and she it is alone that can give him a *breeding* fit for *Heaven*.

He shewes how *freely* he can go on in the wayes of *Godlinesse* without a *Spurre*; and how *base* a thing it is, and unbecoming his *Quality* to be driven into *Heaven* by *force*. By his *haste* and *cheerfulness* in his race, he evidences his *sense* of the worth of what he aims at; And by his *eagerness* in the pursuit of another world, endeavours to confute the *folly* of those, who would linger out an *eternitie* (were it possible) amongst the *Onions* and *Fleashpots* of this *Egypt*. As he was borne a *man*, so he had his *Inheritance* upon *Earth*; but as he is *New-borne* a *Christian*, he leaves this *trash* to the *Prodigall younger Brother*, expecting a *Possession durable in the Heavens*.

He feares as little the name of *Precise* and *Zealous*, wherewith the *Devill* in the Mouths of his *Disciples*, thinkes to fright him out of all *Holiness*; as they understand them, who thus too frequently *abuse* them. That *Boysterous* breath which the *prophane* world sends forth to deride and cross him in his intended

ended voyage, he, like a skilful Pilate so orders by the right Composing of his Sayles, that he makes that his greatest advantage and furtherance, which was intended for his ruine. He can go to Heaven with any aid, and with any Name, where he is so sure to meet with a title of Honour, a name written in the Book of Life, even the Honour of all his Saints. He cannot phancy that to receive any debasement of his Spirit, which carries him out upon so High and Noble Achievements; but thinks it an Happinesse to go into Canaan, though it be through a Red Sea, and a rude Wildernesse; whilest others ( alas ) feed so greedily upon the Quails, that they never say grace, but in murmuring, that they have not more and better cheer; He feeds more upon his hopes, than his enjoyments, and blesses his God for this.

And now this Religion, which he has thus wisely espoused, and entirely loves, he dares not prostitute to Interest or Humour: But many man accounts the enjoyment of one thing which he principally loves, enough to recompence him for all that he has been constrain'd to part with in his pursuit after

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it: so the *Religious Gentleman* can freely part with both *Honour* and *Interest*, with all he enjoys, and all he hopes for here, for his *Religions* sake, being sure to find them all againe hereafter, in the fruition of *Her*, whom he so sincerely loves. Like a *Prudent* lover, he removes all occasions of *Jealousie* from his beloved; His *Religion* shall never have cause to feare, that either his *Pleasure* or his *Honour*. or his *Profit*, shall gaine so much upon his affections, as to become her *Rivall*.

§ 17. *The Conclusion of this Character.*

Thus ( Sir ) Whilest I goe about to give you the Character of a true *Gentleman*, I am false into that of a *Christian*; and indeed no wonder, for there is such a necessary *Connexion* betwixt these two, that they seeme to be no more then the *Different Names* of the *same man*. If you desire to have his picture in a lesse compasse here it is.

The true *Gentleman*, is one that is God's *servant*, the *Worlds Master*, and his *own man*.  
His

ly is *Vertue* is his *Business*, his *Study* his *recre-*  
 ion, *Contentedness* his *rest*, and *Happiness*  
 for his *reward*. *God* is his *Father*, the *Church*  
 em his *Mother*, the *Saints* his *Brethren*, all  
 er, that need him his *Friends*, and *Heaven* his  
 ent *inheritance*. *Religion* is his *Mistress*, *Loyalty*  
 use and *Justice* her *Ladies of Honour*; *Devotion*  
 ver his *Chaplain*, *Chastity* his *Chamberlain*, *So-*  
 ure *riety* his *Butler*, *Temperance* his *Cook*, *Ho-*  
 e so *pitality* his *Housekeeper*, *Providence* his  
 her *ward*, *Charity* his *Treasurer*: *Piety* is  
*Mistress*, of the *House*, and *Discretion* the  
*Porter*, to let in and out as is most fit. Thus  
 his whole *Family* made up of *Vertues*, and  
 he the true *Master* of his *Family*. He is  
 necessitated to take the world in his way to  
 ive *Heaven*, but he walks through it as fast as  
 , I can; and all his business by the way is  
 in to make himselfe and others happy. Take  
 Ta him all in two words, he is a *man* and a *Chri-*  
 ney *stian*.

ent And here (Sir) 'tis time that I beg both  
 to the Gentlemans pardon and Yours, for  
 ere thus abusing his name; and presuming to  
 give you his Character, whose excellencies  
 d's are not to be comprehended, much lesse ex-  
 an. pressed, by any one lesse then himselfe. I  
 his

have an *Apology* at hand, for giving you this *rude* and *imperfect* draught of his *Picture*: that I give it you *at all*, it is my *obedience* to your *Command*; that you receive it so *mishapen* and *ill proportion'd*, besides the *little experience* and *lesse skill* of the *Painter*, he has this to say for himselfe; he could hardly tell where, being absent from such as you Sir, to find a *true Gentleman* to draw it by: But either he was constrained to take it from the *Dead*, and then no wonder if his work fall short both of *complexion* and *life*; or by that faint *Idea* he had in his own mind, & therefore he hopes he is excusable, though he sometimes mistake in the *Feature*. If you meet in any place with too deep a *shadow*, where there should be more *light*, he desires, that beside the *weakness* of his eye, you would consider the *Darkness* of the *Time*, and the *uncertain light* he saw by. For we live so much in the *Evening* of the world, when the thick and foggy *mists* of *Ignorance* darken the air; and that fading light we have, is so *variously* refracted by our *Glittering* vices; and so often reflected by the *disfigured* glasses of *Phancy* and *Humour*; that there is nothing troubles him so much,



much, as that he is unhappily furnished  
with so *many excuses* to plead for his *error*.  
But if any will not be satisfied with this,  
he yet layes claime to a further *Priviledge* of  
a *Painter*, that is, to be a little more *talka-*  
*ble*, and to say something more in vindic-  
ation of what he has done; and thereby  
demonstrate, that the excellent *Original* he  
would have *Copy'd*, is either not at all, or  
very rarely to be met with, at this *day*, in  
*England*.



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SECT.4





## S E C T. IV.

S. 1. *How few of the true Gentlemen  
are now to be found in England.*

I Need not tell *Tom* ( *Sir* ) who have paid so dear for the sad *changes*; that it is our hard hap to live in a *reforming* Age, wherein most things grow every day *new*, but very few things *better*. And I do heartily wish it were as seriously *Consider'd* by *themselves*, as it is well known to most, *rejoyced* at by some, and sadly lamented by others, what a *decrease* and *wanting* there has been in the *Gentry* of *England* within a few of the last years; and that not only in the number of their *Persons*, and largeness of their *Estates*? but even in the *Excellencies* of their *Souls*, and the greatness of their *Vertues*, as if it had been a small thing for them to live so long the despised *Vassels* of their *Hippocritical Adversaries*, the good masters that have so long ruled us, except they had

had been permitted by the severest kind of cruelty to take vengeance of their own virtues, and render themselves ten times more the wretched Captives, and despicable slaves, of their own Tyrannical Lusts, and Atheistical Humours than before. Indeed an Atheist and a Gentleman in the opinion of many, have for a long time been either Synonymous, or at least Convertible termes: I dare not, I confesse, have such hard thoughts of all, though I could hartily wish, they would rather take some paines by their lives and Conversations to prove this to be an absurd, then stretch their lungs to cry out upon it, and swear it to be a rash and uncharitable Censure.

Indeed, if on the one side, in a feigned show of Religion to exclaime against drunkenness and swearing, and other such like lowd and open Prophanenesses, will suffice to denominate the Saint: Or if on the other side to cry out upon Hipocricie and Injustice, Rebellion and Sacrilege, Lying and Perjury may be thought sufficient to constitute a true Son of the Church of England: then have we all enough to say for our selves, and to prove that most of our Gentlemen

are indeed *Christians*. But, alas, it is too manifest, that on the *one* hand, all this *Canting* and *superficial Sanctity*; all these *strained sighs* and *groanes*, and *turn'd-up Eyes*, are no better then *Sathans Sundaies Garbe*, or the painted *maske* and *vizards*, which *Avarice*, *Ambition* and *Interest* love to be seen in abroad. These are the *enriching Crafts*, whereby our *Demetriuse's* get their wealth. Many who have passed for *Saints* a long time (experience has shown it us) have been just such as *he*, who had rather make *Silver shrines* for *Diana*, so they may be sure to be well paid for their work, then build *Temples* for the *Worship* of a *Crucified Jesus* in hopes of an *Heaven*, and meet with his *Cross* for their pains. And on the *other* hand, all those *ravings* which we daily hear against *Oppression*, *Hypocricie* and *Tyranny*, I am afraid, they are not so often the *seasonable overflowings* of a *devout Spirit*, a *sincere Soul*, and a *Loyal heart*; as the *wild out-rages* of a *boiling Passion*, of a *confined Vice*, and a *restrained lust*, which makes the sufferer like a *mad man* to *gnaw* upon his *chains* and *fetters*: or else they are the *violent motions* of a *revengfull* soul, which *frets* it self at the *prosperity*

severity of the wicked, and had rather see its enemies miserable, than it self sober and good. This is in truth that which many have thought enough to give either party the title of *religious*: but how they make good their claim to this title in their *Actions*, it is but too visible.

Certainly if the *Gentleman's* life and ordinary *Conversation* may be thought (as it ought to be) the best *Index* to point us out to his *opinion*; we shall have much ado to meet, in most of those that own that name, with a good *Opinion* either of *God* or *Religion*. Most of them (I am sure the *Younger* sort) do grudge either of these the least place in their *discourse*, and therefore, it is to be fear'd as little in their *thoughts*. They would as soon, nay much sooner make choice of a *Tinker* or a *Fidler*, then of a *Religious* man for their *Companion*. Alas, such an one would spoil all their *mirth*, and make their very *lives*, by plunging them into a *melancholly* mood, meer *torments* to them. Any thing that's *grave* and *serious* they perfectly *loath*, and utterly *reject*, as that which cannot at present suit with their more *sprightly* and *flourishing* years: *Age*  
and



and scarcity of their *Juvenile* blood, will hereafter (they thinke) make this a businesse of *Course*, and so they had rather have it then make it now a matter of *choice*: what need they be Religious now, who shall (as they thinke) whether they will or no, be so before they die?

If we should but a while take notice how many *Riots* the *Gentlemen* of our times daily commit, all those wanton *Frolicks* and *Revellings* they are not onely guilty of, but glory in; especially when they are at the *Taverne* or some other good house of expence and *Merriment*, we should be readier to lose our selves in Admiration of their *Madness*, then to find out any thing of reall *Honour* and *Nobility* in them. To behold them their *Contending* for the *Victory* over a pot, and taking the *measure* of their *Gallantry* by the *strength* of their *Brains*, or *Capacity* of there *Bellies*: to heare them there drawing up with so much complacency an *Inventory* and *Catalogue* of all their *sinfull* extravagances, and in a *double* proportion intermixing their *prophanesses* with their *wine*: whilst they drink wine with a *Song* and prove themselves mighty to drink *strong drink*: To hear

hear them *roaring* themselves out of breath; never taking leave of their *wine*, but of their *senses* too: nor forbearing their *Oaths* till they be able to *speak* no more; would you believe these men could ever be so *sober*, as to *mention* the name of a *Christian* or *Gentleman*?

And yet 'tis most *certain* as well as *sad*; that you can never be more sure to meet with our *Gentry* in any place, then at these *Academies* of *sin*, and *Nurseries* of *unclean-ness*, their *exercising* their *abilities*, and making themselves *expert* in all those *arts* whereby they may most gratifie *Sathan*, and as it were, in so many open *Bravades*, challenge the *Almightie* into the *field*, and dare him to do the *worst* he can.

But (alas) we need not seek so great an advantage over them, as to *take* them there, where they have so often *lost* themselves, and it heartily grieves me, as certainly it must do every *Charitable Christian*, to see them so desperately *madded* with the fear of being accounted *Holy*; and so ravenously *greedy* of eternal *destruction*, as thus to *swallow* it down by whole *Bowles*, and make their *Companions Merry* at the working out of their

their own *Damnation*. Doubtlesse *Sathan* hath but too much power over these men when they are most *Sober*, they need not give him the *advantage* of finding them so often *arunk*. Excep in a *Gallantry* they desire to shew the World how *boldly* they dare *defie Heaven*, and how much they *Scorne* to owe their *ruine* to any but themselves.

At such good places as these, is it, that our *Gentlemen* make all their *Bargains*, entertain all their friends, treat all their *Ladies*: here they *Consult* about the weightiest affaires of the *Common wealth*; Seal and *Conferme* all their agreements in the very height of their *Intemperance*; as if they were afraid they should *know* or *remember* hereafter what then they did; or as if they were *Confident* then to be in a Capacity of doing all things *best*, when they were least of all themselves: There can be no *meeting* at least, no *parting* without a *Cup*; as if there could be no surer pledg of *friendship*, or tie of a *civil Correspondence* and *Familiarity*, then by being thus *Drunk* together, or at least, next dore to it:

And now all this *Madnesse*, must be thought

thought no worse then the *Demonstration* of that *civility* and *courtesy* which they owe one another; a *necessary kineness*, or an *handsome treatment*: And who so refuses either to goe along with them, or to do as they do when he is there, he is no better then an *uncivil fellow*, and no *Companion* for *Gentlemen*: what a *disgrace* is it held for a man to leave a *drop* in the bottome of his *Cup*? What an *affront* is it to the *Company*, not to pledge every man his *whole one*? And not to admit every *Health*, it is no lesse then the greatest *disrespect* and *Injury* can be offer'd to the *person* in remembrance; whosoever refuseth it, especially if it be a *Lady* or a *Minion* is remembred, shall be sure to hear of it with an *Oath* now, and perhaps a *Challenge* anon.

More *Ceremony* is used, and more *Reverence* by halfe, to set off their drunken *Revel*, then to grace the *Worship* and service of their *God*: All must be *bare*, and all upon their *knees*, and a *Catch* instead of an *Hymne*: this is their *morning* and their *evening Devotion*; but whether this be the true service of their *God*, or the *busynesse* of *Gentlemen*, I dare appeal to those *Consciences* of theirs

theirs, which they now endeavour so to silence and drown both by their *Drinking* and their *Roaring*.

Nay, it seems very evident, that even these *Gentlemen* themselves make this *Sottish-pass*, *time* the most infallible mark of true *Galantry*: and account him a person of worth, and without all exceptions fit for their Company, whosoever can but take off his *Cups* handsomely, and is versed in all the *Methods* and *Maximes* of this *Hellish Art*. Indeed they have made it a kind of *Science*, and have given it so many *rules* and *lawes* of late, that he that will now be expert in it, had need to serve out an *Apprenticeship* to learn all the *circumstances* and *termes*, though he be never so perfect in the *Substance* before. Any person how contemptible soever shall not be thought unworthy of their company, if he be but the *Master* of this *Art*. Even he whom they would almost scorne to own for a *man*, when *Sober*, and in his *right wits*, when he is *drunk* or *mad*, though but a *Tinker* or a *Cobler*, he is a companion for *Gentlemen*. I do not grudge the poor fellowes the *honour* of such *Society*, nor indeed can I think it any: But



I am more the *Gentlemans friend*, and more tender of his *Reputation* then he himtelfe: I do therefore make it my *prayer* as it is doubtleffe much the *griefe* and trouble of all good men to see them otherwise at present, that they may at last become more *charitable* to themselves, then thus to *debauch* and *un-man* their owne soules, and fall as much below the *Nature* of men, as the *Quality* of Gentlemen.

§ 2. *An Enquiry into the more civill sort of our English Gentlemen.*

But let us look upon our *Gentlemen* in a more *sober* Posture; though, I am afraid they will take it as an *Injury* done them, to consider them thus *abstracteally* from the highest degree of *debauchery*: take away their *Por* and their *Pipe*, and you rob the most of them, of the most delightful *method* they know, of *spending* their *time*, which is such a *trouble* to them. This is it, which is their *burthen*, and their *disease*, that as the Stag with the Arrow in his side, they run, and shift, and throw themselves about from place to place, and are alwaies *mad* to be  
*rid*

rid on't; 'till the *sad moment* appare where:  
 in they are call'd out of the world, and then  
 their *time* and *life*, both equally *desired*, *vanish*  
 together. This *wasting* of their *time*,  
 they esteem as a thing so *innocent* in it selfe,  
 that they seem to apprehend a *Goodnesse* in  
 it, great enough to make them a *pretence*  
 for all their *other* vices, and *sinful* employ-  
 ments, shrouding them all under the ge-  
 nerally approved names of *Necessary* *Passe-  
 times* and *diversions*. *Cards* or *Dise*, *Bowling*  
 or *Hunting*, or *Fidling*, or any thing that  
 has but a *Motion* in it to delude the tedi-  
 ousnesse of their *houres*; shall be welcome  
 to them, and thought to be things not oae-  
 ly *harmelesse* and *honest*, but as invented  
 to this good end of *passing away* the *time*,  
 things *desireable* by molt, and very *commen-  
 dable* in a *Gentleman*. In thele they *merri-  
 ly* spend, both their *Nights* and their *Dayes*,  
 their *livelihoods*, and the greatest part of  
 their *lives*; whilest the poor deglected *Soul*  
 all this while, cannot be allowed so much  
 as *half an hour's* time in the *Morning*, by  
 her *Devotions*, and viewing her face in the  
*Glasse of Gods Word*, to *dresse* her self for  
*Heaven*.

Intro

Into how many *Gentlemens Families* shall you come, where they do not ordinarily *sleeping out all the morning*, make it *Night till Noon*? They rise from their Beds just so early as their *Dinners* may prevent their *Devotion*: When they are thus removed from *Bed to Board*, they feed there their *Lusts* better than their *Bodies*, and yet their *Bodies* more than their *Soules*. The *Table* is the *Altar* where they sacrifice there *Healths* to their *Appetites*, and *Temperance* to *Luxury*. They chuse their meat, by its *Cost* and *Rarity*, not *Use* and *Wholsomnesse*; and it is too true a Proverb, That *what's farre fetch'd and deare bought, is meat for Gentlemen*. After they have thus satiated for a while their *Lusts*, and gratified the *delicacie* of their *Pallases*, they must sit out an hours *impertinent* and *idle tattle* to digest their *excess*: when they have done this, they are ready for another nap, and that prepares them for another *meale*, except the *Taverne* or their *game* prevent it.

If they chance to heare of some *Pamphlet*, *Libell* or *Pasquill*, wherein some *honest name* is a sufferer, or where *Chastity* is put to

do penance in an obscene sheet; any piece of Drollery or wanton Ballad upon a Mistress, a New Romance or a play, presently the News of it is dispatch'd from one to another, these shall be read and pendered over and over, and be their discourse and past-time at every meeting. For mine own part it hath very rarely been my Fortune to meet with a Club of Gentlemen, but as often as I have, I have been frighted out of it again, or have had good cause to repent me afterwards, that I was not so, by that wild kind of behaviour, and looseness of talk I heard or saw amongst them. The best of their talk at any meeting is but to ask and impart the News then stirring, or to give their judgments of the Ladies and the fashion of the times; to find fault with their own Taylors, or to commend anothers; to droll out the time, or vie Wits by abusing each other, but every man most of all himselfe. If any man in the Company can (and there be not many that can do so much) by some slight probleme, make a shift to pose his fellowes; he thinkes he has done wonders, and has sufficiently vindicated his credit from the imputation of Ig-

of *idleness* or *idleness* for ever.  
 Alas ( Sir ) what is it that even the *prime*  
 of our *Gentlemen* pride themselves in? even  
*whome* we are prone to esteem highly,  
 and *stille* *Civil* and *Ingenious* Persons! what  
 but a little *vain* and *glittering* *Apparrel*?  
 and he's the *Compleatett* *Gentleman* for the  
 most part, who wears the best *suit*, and  
 shines most in a *rinsel* *bravery*. Who is  
 thought the man of the highest *inward* ac-  
 complishments, but he that can talk *volubly*  
 of the *customs* and *vices* of the *Court*, or  
 that which is most *like* it now there is *none*?  
 He that can tell you how much he is *court*  
 ed by the *Ladies*, and how much he is in  
*favour* with our *Great Folks*. He that can  
 expresse himself *modestly* in a *Complement*,  
 that can *speak* much, and *dance* well, and  
 hand his *Lady* with the greatest *grace* along  
 the *streets*. these are the *brave gentlemen*  
 that are every where cry'd up as they go for  
*Gallant* and well accomplish'd persons. Or  
 if you would go higher yet, then he must  
 be the man, that has *laden* his memory with  
 a few broken *Ends* and *Chippings* of *Hi-*  
*story*: or can tell you. *strainge* stories of  
 the *fashions* and *Customes* of other *Nations*,



and tell you where he has been, and what rarities he has seen; and at once perhaps both *discommend* and *practise* their vices. Or if he be yet a more through *Scholar*, and generally acquainted both with *books* and *men*, so far as to *applaud* and *censure* and talk *Skeptically*: If he be an exquisite *Mathematician*, or *Musician*, or the like; We think we have reason enough to suppose him company for the *best*; and certainly he were so, would he but labour to be *one* of them, when he is *amongst* them. But, alas, what's become of his *God* and his *Religion* all this while? If you can find a *little* of either in his *discourse*, 'tis much, though there be just *nothing* of them in his *life*; All those *other* accomplishments were truly commendable, were they thus accompanied, not but being so (alas) they are stark naught.

Let us passe on to those who are thought by many the most *Sober* and *serious* persons of all others, and even amongst these (I fear) we shall find too many, on whom we can onely bestow this poor commendation, that they are more *gravely wicked*, more *cautiously sinful*, and more *soberly Atheistic*  
call,

call. Such are the men, who (as I have told you before) flatter themselves up in a kind of *Negative Justice*; and thereby with those whole persons and estates they have not actively violated or deminished, are esteem'd persons of much worth and Honour; and yet these are no better then the same sort of *Sathans* servants, whom by a long usage he has made somewhat lesse wanton, and brought up to his hand; and has taught them to *cozen* and *dissemble* almost as well as himselfe. I need not tell any affectionate Son of the distressed Church of England; how good friends and servants, these good, honest, civil, sober, and Prudent men, have all along been to his poor Mother: How many of them have quietly stood by, and look'd on, if with no delight, yet (I am sure) with a great deal of unworthy patience, and base connivence, whilest he has been mercilessly torn in pieces, by the cruel teeth of those ravenous beasts, which pretended to watch and defend her: and yet not so much as an Arrow shot out of any other Quiver then their mouths in a Chimney-corner, against any of them. Whilest the Younger Gentlemen want true

*Prudence*, and the *old* have too much of that they miscall so, they all prove very bad *Souldiers*, for such as pretend to fight under *Christs Banner*, and on the behalfe of his *Church*; which truly now, if ever may be call'd truly *Militant*, and that too for want of good *Souldiers*. If our English Gentlemen be made to stay for, and expect their *Honour*, till they shall be *Knighted* in the field for that good service which they have done the *Church*, of which they would be thought *Members*; it will I fear, be a sad and unwelcome sword must *Dub* them.

It is too plainly apparent, that very few of them have so much real *Honour*, as may make them sensible how they lose it. For if they had, could you imagine it possible, that so many horrid murders and rapines, so many incredible *Treasons* and *Blasphemies*, such as their *Posterity* will not find faith enough to believe, should be thus openly acted and frequently vented even in their faces; and not a man so much as move his hand to revenge what's past, or prevent what's to come? Nay how often have the greatest part of them, by a base compliance with those men who have always struck at the

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very root of that Religion, which they so solemnly (some of them more than once) swore to defend, given themselves not onely the lie, but the perjury? Alas, their Honours are so jaded by drawing after them the Dung-Carts of their estates; that they now brooke any rider whatsoever. Had but one tenth part of those vast sums of Money; and those many excellent parts, which these supposed Good-husbands, have prodigally lavish'd out in the Tavern, or at their Game, been put to that good use it might have bin, the Church might have received her owne with usury; England might yet have had the face of England, and they deserved the Name of Gentlemen.

Sect. 3. *An Appeale to the Gentlemans  
own Conscience.*

For Confirmation of all this that hath been said, I shall dare to make my appeal to the Gentleman's Conscience, though I dare not think it to be one of the best, or most impartiall in this case. I heartily wish he could in earnest and in truth tell me, that whosoever saith England has now but few

true Gentlemen, is guilty of a Scandall. I confesse I could almost willingly be guilty of the Sin, upon condition his innocence would once prove me a liar,

If he can think it possible to be a true Gentleman without any sense of true Honour or religion; or if he dars call him Religious and think him desirous of Heaven, who (though his whole life be little enough to prepare for it, yet) grudges to spend one minute of his time to gain it: If he have the charity to account him pious, who suffers his soul to starve for want of Spiritual food, and yet can feast and Pamper up his lusts every hour: if he can have a true sense of Honour, who can phancy himselfe happy in Sathan's service, and oftner upon his knees to him then to his God; who makes his Soul the very drudge of his Boay, and his carnal appetite the Mistrisse of his life; and every one of his members the slave of some lust or other: If that man can rationally be thought, to set a just estimate upon an honest reputation, who had rather lie dabling in the dirt, and wallowing in the mire of Sin, then walke in the pleasant paths of Holinesse; the high-way to Heaven:

If



I If it be a mark of Religion, to drein out a  
ty vast estate, by a vain ambition placed in fine  
ce cloaths, delicious meats, rich wines: wasting  
ue Games, and other such like expensive sins  
as are now the mode; and all this while,  
not one mite cast into Gods exhausted trea-  
sury, nor a Rag designed to cover the poor  
mans nakednesse; If to behold Gods own  
peculiar servants and Ambassadors lie star-  
ving in the streets for want of some few  
morsels or crumbs of that bread which they  
grudge not by whole loaves to throw to their  
Dogs :- If to see Gods House all on fire,  
occasion'd by the outrages of their own fla-  
ming passions; and Gods children frying  
in the midst of the flame, and yet not so  
much as move a foot to fetch a little water  
to quench the one, or stretch out an arme  
to save the other: if any man can judge these  
things to be the tokens of Religion or Ho-  
nour: If to sit still all the day idle, and  
laugh at those who are working in the Vine-  
yard; if to come into a Church with a long  
train of gaudy attendants, and to shine a  
while there in a little garish pomp; if to sit  
in the highest Pew, and to make this the  
chief part of their devotion ( without so  
much

much as the Pharisee's Lord *I thanke thee?*) that they are better then other men; if to iustle a poor neighbour out of their presence, with a stand off, for I am more Honourable then thou; if to scoffe at all those who make any shew of Piety, or to deride all those who think it necessary to have more then a show, be the infallible characters whereby we may know a Gentleman, then indeed I must of necessity confesse we have yet more then enough such Gentlemen in this poor England.

I had rather mourne in secret, and in sadness of Spirit; sigh out the rest unto my God, then proceed at present any further in so unpleasant a theme. O that the spilt blood of Christs poore languishing spouse, cry not too lowd in Heaven at the last day, not onely against those bloody soules, who have now barbarously thrust their spears into her side, and with inhumane hands torne out her very Bowels; but even against all those too, who could have a Calme upon their Spirits, whilest the tempest continued in the Church, and could hold it prudence to sit still, and not come forth to the help of Gods spouse, and his anointed one against the mighty; and therefore onely because they appeared

appeared mighty. My prayers are, that an early, and an active repentance, may seasonably prevent their threatened ruine; and a timely understanding of their own names, may make them before it be too late, truly sensible of their duties, and in earnest endeavour to regain that Honour, which they have been too remiss hitherto in preserving spotlesse. This is my great Charity to the Gentlemans soul, and the highest respect I can conceive any man owes to his person, is to wish that part of him best, which he seems to regard least, I would to God he could once, though late, have so great a charity and respect for himselfe, that so he might not one day be found, with weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, crying out upon himselfe with no lesse reason, then despair and horreur, even as that once glorious Church, to the untimely ruine whereof his sins have in so large a measure contributed, cries out upon him now with sorrow and amazement. Had he not shown himselfe all along so stupidly senselesse of, and brutishly unconcern'd, in the afflictions of Joseph; I might have had the charity, to think him capable of counsel and advice, and to wish him

him *one* better able then *my self* to serve him herein. However give me leave to mention one or two of those *considerations*, before I conclude this letter, which (doubtlesse) if he have not quite forgot himselfe, must needs sink deep into his thoughts, and provoke him, if any thing can do it, now he is at such a distance, to returne to himselfe.

§. 4. *Motives to the Gentleman to be indeed Religious and first of common Civility.*

To perswade the Gentleman to be good, a man would think were no hard task, seeing he takes it so ill out, that any man should suspect him to be otherwise: and yet notwithstanding, it may well be thought a very difficult and bold undertaking, when it shall be consider'd how much he is in love with his present selfe, for as selfe love is blind whensoever it should look upon its own faults; so is it altogether as deaf when it should hearken to instruction. Yet because the difficulty lies not so much in making him understand what he should be, as in making

ing him see how much he is at present what  
ought not to be; for that he ought to be  
good and Religious I know he will readily  
grant, but that he is not so already we shall  
have much adoe to perswade him to believe:  
seeing one halfe of our work is already done  
in our hand in his own conscience, we may  
have the greater encouragement to pro-  
ceed in the other yet behind. I am confi-  
dent, that by reading what goes before,  
he cannot chuse but behold himselfe in his  
own shape, at least in one so like it, that the  
very sight must of necessity beget in him an  
hatred of the old object, and a love to the  
new: and therefore at present I shall con-  
fidently suppose, that I have no more to do  
but this, to let him see in some measure  
how rational a thing it is for him to be,  
what he himselfe so well knows, he should  
be.

I intend not here to trouble you, or him  
with any large Encomium of *Vertue* or *Reli-  
gion*, which would swell up this Dis-  
course much above the just proportion of a *Letter*;  
neither is it my purpose to call in all those  
*Auxiliaries* I might from several common  
places be supplied withall, to compleat my  
conquest



conquest over the *Gentlemans* affections: I shall onely mention *one* or *two* of those *motives*, which I hope *may* be, I am sure in another *would* infallibly be prevalent and effectual.

The *first* and *slightest* which I shall here most humbly offer to his serious consideration, is an argument which he too often makes use of to a *worse* purpose, and thereby suffers his *sensual* to gain the *victorie* over his *spiritual* selfe. And this is taken from that *Topick* of *Common Civility*, which naturally obliges him to make *suitable returns* to those many *real kinānesses* and respect which the *best* of his *friends* have ever had for him: I shall beseech him to remember, how whensoever he is by the swing of his own *dominering lusts*, no lesse then by the *attractive vices* of his acquaintance drawne to a *Taverne*, or carried on to any other *excess* or *riot*, it is to this *one pretence* he confidently betakes himself for Sanctuary: that he was meerly *drawne in* by the *civilitie* of others, and that he was not able to resist the *importunity* of his *friends*: that *common courtesie* did strongly oblige him, not to show himselfe *regardlesse* of his acquaintance

I assistance, by forsaking *their company*, who had expressed themselves so *desirous*, and had taken so much paines to enjoy *his*. I wish he could but call to mind what weight this argument hath when pressed upon him by his *lowest* companions, and assisted by his owne forward *inclinations*, to that which is *evill*; and how infinitely more force then is sought to have, when made use of by such as really desire his *happinesse*, and applied to that which in it selfe is so deservedly *commendable*.

Would the Gentleman but open his ears; how many *reall friends* might he heare; and such whose *Courteous Inventions* he cannot either with *Civility* or *Gratitude* refuse, every where with no small *importunity* wooing him into *Heaven*, and to walke along with *them* in those *paths* which will lead him therunto. I might heare tell him how heartily God *himselfe* calls and *Invites* him, and daily sends abroad his *Messengers* early and late to *beg*, and *intreat* him to accept of his *invitation*: how he has prepared his *Oxen* and his *Fatlings*, and made ready his *Supper*, how he *bids* him to a *Feast of fat things*, and to *drinke wine and milk without money*

money and without price: How he stands with his armes of mercy spread wide open, to receive, embrace, and kisse his returning Prodigals, with a new Robe and a Ring, nay with a Crown and a Kingdome to welcome them. Can it now be judged civility to refuse and slight the invitation of so bountifull and indulgent a father? I might tell him how the Angels in Heaven even long for his company, and will be overjoy'd to see him, and to hear him exercising that voice so long abused warbling out his lascivious Love-Songs, or roaring it in his wild Catches, by bearing a part in their Holy Quire, in perpetual Hallelujahs to the King of Heaven: And can he think it civility to make void the hopes, and prevent the joyes of such Heavenly company. I might further mind him how the poor Church of England his mother, longs to receive him again with joy into her bosome, and to kisse him with the kisses of her love, and to uncover to him her breasts of Consolation; whence he needs not draw the wind of false Doctrine, nor fear to tast the blood of Tyranny and oppression, but may suck in that sincere milk which is his soules onely true nourishment; She whose tender care  
and

and wholesome instructions, like an unwise child he hath so long despised, longs yet once againe to rejoyce in his Love, and would be proud of so Glorious a Son which might not onely cherish and defend, but grace and credit his mother. And can he call it lesse then an incivility, to envie Her this Honour, which wisheth him that happinesse? can he chuse rather to augment her sorrowes, and provoke her teares, and bite her breasts, and suck out her blood, then cherish her and be cherished by her? All the good men in the World, all the most Honourable of Gods servants, his speciall Ambassadors, do with all the power of their Rhetorick, and movemensse of Passion, cry aloud, calling upon him, and beseeching him to come home, and live happily in his Fathers house; these who have had the high charity from him, to take the care and charge of him, and night and day to watch for his soule, and muſt be accountable for it at the Great and Dreadfull Audite. Upon Him they looke with a more vigilant and tender eye, as upon the very best and fairest of the flock, whose straying would be not onely the losse of one, and him the fattest and chief of all the rest, but such

an one, as by his *influence* upon the others, may probably occasion the *loosing* of many more: These *perswade* and *intreat* him, and that for *Christs* sake, for *his* who *loved* him so well, that he did not grudge to *purchase* him with the *best* treasure in Heaven, his owne most *precious* blood: And now, how can the *Gentleman*, who pretends so highly to all manner of *civilitie*, think it lesse then an *unworthinesse* in him, to set so light by all this *care*, and this *kindnesse*? He that would be thought *all courtesie*, *all civilitie*, O let him not now onely be *unkind* and *discourteous* to his *God*, and *Gods Church*, *Gods Angels*, and *Gods Ministers*, unto *Gods Sons* and *his Saviour*. He that expressed so remarkable a *kindness* to a *false friend*, who is most certainly the *greatest* and most *dangerous* of all *enimies*, to him who was only set by the *Devill* in a *friends habit*, to decoy him *out* of the *way*, and watch his opportunity to *murther* his *soul*; let him not now for *shame* be so *unnatural* to *himself*, and *unkind* to *them*, as to slight those *real* and *sincere* friends, who make it the *greatest* part of their *studie* to *save* him from *eternal* *torments*: He that would not be *bought* out of



of his civility, though but to a *sin*, and *sinner*, by the high price of an *Heaven* and *eternity*: shall he now any longer be bribed to offer so many *affronts* to his *God*, with an *Hell*, and its *endlesse* torments? Certainly if any *importunity* could ever prevail, as alas too often it hath, even to the *melting* of his *Soul* into *Sin* and *Vanity*: what must it now do? never so great, never back'd with so many *obligations* to civility as here: for where ever did there appear so much and so earnest *wooing*, and *intreating*, and *begging*, and *watching*, and *dying*.

Again in civility to the *Nation* wherein he lives, and which he should labour both to *Serve* and *Credit*: he is her *Hopes*, and he should be her *Honour*: She calls him her *choice Treasure*, her *strongest Pillar*, her *potent Protector*: and shall he not think it *base* to evacuate her *hopes*, and *detest* her too *charitable* Errour, by *neglecting* to *deserve* and *maintain* his *name*? shall it be to his *Honour* when he shall here it said by others, that the *Precious Stones* and *Jewels* of *England* are all but *vile* and *unprofitable* pebbles: that all her *purest Gold* is full of *Drosse*, her *best pillars* quite *rotten*: and her *Guardians*

her principall *underminers* and *destroyers*? that with the *least wind* that blowes, her *pillars shake*, and the *building tumbles*?

The Gentleman is that great and faire *White*, at which all men aim and direct the best of their *Respects*: and on whom they thinke the greatest of their *Honours* not misplaced: And is this his *civility* to all his *Lovers* and *Admirers*; to leave them embracing a *shadow* for a *substance*, and to pay home their *affection* and *respects* to him, with *neglect*, and *disgrace*, and too often with *miser*y and *ruine* to themselves? Is this his *care*, to provide that no man shall ever be *deceived* in him, but he that *thinks well* of him? If this be the Gentlemans *civility*, then what, I pray Sir, is his *Unkindnesse*?

§. 5 *A second Motive grounded upon  
Shame and Disgrace.*

The next thing which I shall propose to his consideration, is that which usually has too powersull an operation upon him; I mean *Shame* and *Disgrace*. The pretence of securing his *Name* and *Reputation* from these blurs, being another of those *Fig-*  
leaves,

leaves, wherewith he would faine hide his most foul and deformed Vices: He had rather throw himselfe headlong into the grossest sin imaginable, then by chusing what is best, but out of fashion with the multitude, expose himselfe to the laughter of fools and sinners. O what torment, what affliction is it to him, to be jeer'd and mock'd, and houted at by a company of mad-men, for behaving himselfe with more sobriety and wisdom then they?

Here I shall most earnestly beseech the Gentleman to consider, how miserably hee befools himselfe, and how inconsiderately he runs himselfe upon those rocks he endeavours so carefully to avoid; whilest nothing can lay him more open to shame, than that which was the first parent of it, his sin: which makes him a meer laughing-stock to all but those that pittie him. Let him remember how he daily provokes that God, who is the onely Fountaine of all true Honour here, as well as Happinesse hereafter, to laugh at him and have him in derision. Will it be no shame for him to be found, at last one of those wretched and contemptible creatures, which shall have the door shut upon them

them, and be forced to *stand knocking at the Gates of Heaven*, with *sighs and tears*, and like so many miserable starving beggars in *bitternesse of spirit*, craving admision, and yet for all their selfe-conceited Greatnesse, be vouchsafed no more respectfull an answer, then a—*Depart ye cursed*, and—*Be gone I know you not*. What *shame and disgrace* can the Gentleman fear to suffer like *this*: when he who *pranced it up and down*, with no lesse security, then *pride and vanity* and *laugh'd* to see others take so much pains to go to *Heaven*, shall even then, when he thinks himself so sure of all, meet with a scornful repulse?

But if the Gentleman will venture *this disgrace*, because he phancies it to be yet at so great a *distance*, yet I must tell him he is much mistaken to think he shall speed much better here *below*. Is it no *shame*, to be *justly* accounted by all, who understand *themselves*, a poor, silly, ignorant fool, such an one as can please himselfe with a *toy*, a *rattle*; and can think himselfe the *onely wise man* in the world, when alas all they who are *wise indeed*, look upon him and *pitty* him, as the most silly despicable wretch under Heaven?

gen? it is thus, men commonly make triall  
of the *Fools Genius*, they propose at once  
to his choice, a piece of painted glasse and a  
*Diamond*; a *Feather* and a *suit of Clothes*;  
that so by preferring the gayer toy, before the  
precious or the serviceable substance, he may  
betray his ignorance and simplicity. Alas!  
Sir, what can we judge the debauched Gentle-  
man to be better or wiser then such a silly  
deluded *Idiot*, or (as we call him) a meer  
*Naturall*, that sports himselfe with his owne  
shadow, and places his happinesse in dancing  
about in his *Party-colour'd Coat*, his *Cap* and  
his *Feather*? Did the *Gentleman* but know  
his *Friends*, or durst he be so much his owne,  
as to entertain fewer *Flatterers*, who cover  
his eyes, and stop his ears, so that he neither  
sees nor hears of himselfe, what otherwise he  
might: how soon would he grow ashamed  
of his owne face! Did he but know how  
even all they, whose tongues are bridled either  
by his power or prodigality in his presence,  
talk of him when they are out of it, at their  
severall meetings, doublesse this would  
bring him out of love with his owne Gayetie,  
and Prettinesse. The *Stoick* talkes of him  
with contempt and derision; the *Charitable*



*Christian* with as much *pitty* and *compassion*; and what a shame is it for the *Gentleman*, who alwaies thinks himself both the *best* and *happiest* man in the world, either to *deserve* the one, or *need* the other?

If he yet regard nothing of all this, but contents himselfe with the *Phancy*, that he can do as much for them, and that he can think others as very fools as they think him; and pitty them as much. Alas, how is he to be pitty'd for these thoughts! whilst like a man in an high *Feaver*, he makes a *Felicity* of his *distemper*, and in the *lightness* of his head, phances he is amongst *Angles*, and in as *glorious* a condition as they. Let him consider how great a *shame*, even this is, to say, he can laugh at, or he can pitty he know not what: others know (alas too well) what in him they pitty: They have, most of them, some time or other, *tasted* of his *sweets* to their *sorrow*, but found them at last bitter to their *present joy* and *comfort*: Let him then first *taste* of *theirs*, and then let him *chuse*, Whom he will make the *object* of his *pitty*. I am confident he would in the *first place* be thus *charitable* to himselfe.

But

But this is not all the reason the Gentleman hath to be ashamed of his present course of life. Is it not a disgrace for a man therein to be cheated, wherein he hath ever thought himselfe to be the wisest of all men: and to have such tricks put upon him, by what he most confides in, as will cast a damp upon all his folly at once? There's no man but will confesse it an high degree of indiscretion in himself without a very strong temptation indeed, to place his greatest confidence, and best affections upon a meer cheat: and yet that Gentile Sinner we spake of (if ever any) is highly guilty of this folly. He may assure himselfe, if he repent not in due time, Satan will put the same cheat upon him, whereby he so sadly beguiled his wise brother in the Gospel; whom in that very night, when he lullaby'd his soule into a groundlesse security, by presenting to her eye the abundance of his riches, he suddainly snatches away into the place of torments, and makes this addition to the rest of his sorrows, that he derides his former security, and laughs at his present misery. But this is too common and copious a Theme to dwell any longer upon; I durst not altogether omit to mention

mention it, because I have not yet met with any thing more frequently prevalent with the *Gentleman*, to *perswade* him to *sin*, then this *fear of shame and disgrace*; and if it have been so powerfull to hurry him on to his ruine, I hope, rightly apprehended, it may have some efficacy in drawing him to his *Felicity*.

§. 6. *A third motive drawne from Equity.*

I shall but propose two Considerations more, and these are such, as much concerne the *Gentleman* to entertaine, viz: of *Equity* and *Honour*.

And first, in all equity and justice the *Gentleman* ought to proportion his *Gratitude* to the *Bounty* which enrich'd him; and to live a *Gentleman* is as little as can, with any reason, be thought a just requitall of his *goodnesse*, who made him more *Honourable* then others. For it was not he himselfe by whom he was made *better then another man*, neither hath he any thing which he hath not received. It cannot therefore be *Gratitude* in him like a *Spongy substance*, to suck in all which

which is profer'd, but to *returne nothing* againe without a *Squeezing*: Or like a black and heavy clod of earth, to receive the most *courteous* and *enlivening* raies of Heaven, and yet requite the *bounty* neither by a *present cheerfull reflection*, nor a *future* *seasonable fructification*: neither yet to lie like a rotten dunghill, which repaies all the sweet influence it participates of, in a *stenchy* fume, or a *generation of vermine*. He should rather labour to resemble the true Christal, whose property it is, either to *transmit* or *reflect* those rayes it receives, with great *advantage* of *light* to the *darker objects* about it; and of a more *visible splendor* and *glory* to the *light* it selfe. A true Diamond will not cease to sparkle in the darkest night, and the true *Gentleman* too, will take care, that his *light* so shine before men, that they may behold his *workes* rather than his *person*, (as the *Sun* gives us a clearer prospect of the other parts of the world, then of its *owne body*) and teach them much more to *glorifie his God* in Heaven, then to pay him a reverence upon earth. The gold was not made so excellent a Mettall, that it might lie *hid* and *rust* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, but by a recep-  
tion

tion of the *Princes Image*, administer to the necessities of commerce amongst the severall members of the world. It would be a poore thing to imagine God should make the best of Creatures for the worst of uses: or the Noblest of Men to be *Sathans Instruments* now in *Companions* and his prey anon. The Gentleman I know will easily grant himselfe to be a *Vessel* created for *Honour*: but 'tis strange he should go about to prove himselfe so, by continuing alwaies empty, or refusing to hold any thing, but the worst of *poysen*: by standing (as some of those do which cost most paines in the making, most money in procuring, most time in scouring) idle and uselesse, onely to adorne and grace the *Cup-board*, and shine there, till they become dusty againe. As all flesh is *grass*, so is the Gentleman the *Flower* of the *grass*, but let it not appeare in this, that the *grass* is more usefull, though the flower more beautifull, neither let the leafe smell sweeter then the *Rose*. Though all mankind be but *Dust* and *Earth*, yet certainly we may in reason think the Gentleman a part of the *Richest soyle*, and from which the *Husband-man* or *Gardiner* may justly expect



est both the fairest flowers and fullest Crop,  
is from that ground which in it selfe is far-  
est, and in the *Cultivating* and *Manuring*  
whereof, has been spent both the most mo-  
ney and the best sweat. Far be it from the  
Gentleman to be call'd (as we do sometimes  
our most fertile fields) onely the *Proudest*  
ground, such as swagger it out with  
Poppy and Cockle, and flatter the eyes with  
many fine Blew and Yellow Flowers, but  
such as are neither for use themselves, nor  
will suffer the good corne to thrive and  
grow till it may be so. The Gentleman, I  
am sure, would be troubled to be thus re-  
quited for his care and paines by his field,  
and shall not God be justly angry for the  
like bad usage from the Gentleman? Cer-  
tainly he cannot in equity expect the largest  
wages, who doth the least worke, or think  
he can merit the most Honourable reward,  
by standing all the day idle; nay for hin-  
dering and Deterring others who were  
going to labour in the Vineyard. Shall the  
Steward be the greatest loyterer, and most  
careless servant in the whole Family? And  
is it fit the Heir should be the meerest  
Prodigal? I am confident the Gentleman  
would

would think it an *injury* to be *thought* so, The  
 and is it not then as great an *injustice* to be much  
 so? I should not have breath enough to Educ  
 enumerate *half* those many *Honours* and Happin  
*Dignities*, those several *Priviledges*, and actual  
*Advantages*, *Endowments*, and *Possessions* which ot his  
 the *Gentleman* is blest with above his poorer more  
*B. ethren*, and can we think all these, who  
*encouragements* to be *better*, but *rewards* will l  
 and *Bribes* to and for being *idler* then o. child  
*thers*? sing  
 then

The *Gentleman* is apt to boast himselfe  
 much of his *Noble Ancestors* and *Virtuous*  
*Progenitors*, and is it not therefore *equity*,  
 that all men should expect from that tree  
 the *best fruit*, which hath the *Noblest root*?  
 Men do not of *Thistles* expect *Grapes*, nor of  
*Brambles* *Figs*: but even of the *wild Olive*  
*tree*, when but grafted into the *true Olive*  
*tree*, God expects the *Natural fruit*. That  
*Noble* person who *adopts* a *Clown* his *heir*,  
 will expect he should henceforward become  
 a *Gentleman*, and how much more is this  
 to be expected from him who is *born* the  
*true Son* and *heir*? The *Gentleman* will pull  
 his *Cocks head* off, if he *degenerate* from his  
*kind*; and why should his *God* use him *better*?

The

so, The *Gentleman*, again, is apt to talk very  
be much of his good *breeding*, and ingenious  
to Education: and certainly it is the greatest  
nd happiness which can so early betide him, that  
a- actually he hath *Parents* which are as tender  
ch of his *Honour* as of his *life*, and very often  
er more carefull of his *soule*, then of their *owne*:  
ot who howsoever they live *themselves*, yet  
ds will be sure to reprove the *least vice* in the  
o- child, and it is a very ordinary forme of bles-  
se sing him, to pray he may be a *better man*  
us then his *Father*. Now the *Gentleman* will  
y expect this from his *Horse*, or *Spaniel*, to be-  
have himselfe *hercafter*, as he has beene  
e taught when he was young. Alas, how many  
? brave and *Generous* dispositions are *flatted*  
f and *lost*, how many *ingenious* spirits are  
e dull'd and *besotted*, how many *keen wits* are  
e blunted and lose their *edge*, by being put to  
t delve in the *earth*, being altogether *Com'd*  
, and *Enslaved*, by the *Tyrannie* of *Provertie*,  
e and an *Adverse Fortune*: whilst they could  
s not be allowed that *timely* and *Noble Nur-*  
e ture and *Cultivation*, whereby they might  
t have been *weeded* and improved to a very  
s high degree of excellency and *fruitfulness*?  
e how much good and *tractable* earth has been  
lost

lost meerly for want of a *Skilfull Potter*, or  
 spoyled upon the *wheele* of one *unskilfull* ?  
 Whilest the *Gentleman* has all the aid and  
 assistance that *Prudent Parents* or a rich  
*purse* can afford him; and shall he, whom  
 God has thus blessed with that which may  
 procure him as well what's *best*, as what's  
*necessary*, grow more *barren* under all this  
 care and *Good Husbandry*, which is bestow'd  
 upon him? Shall he like a *stubborne* and  
 unweildy *branch*, so soon as ever he is from  
 under the wise *hand* which would have  
*prun'd* and *straightned* him, start back into  
 his *naturall rudeness*, and *deformity* againe?  
 Shall he be like the *Vial* or *Watch*, one where-  
 of will onely continue its *even* and *certaine*  
 motion, so long as the *owner* forgets not to  
*wind* him up; and the *other* gives us its  
 sweet *sound* no longer then the *Musicians*  
*hand* provokes and *beats* it; but so soon as  
 the *hand* rests, the *Motion* and the *Musick*  
 ceases, and in a short time the *strings* crack,  
 and the *Pegs* fall, and the *Noble Instrument*  
 growes *moulay* and *worm-eaten*? Is it not  
 most *unnaturall*, that he who has all these  
 great *advantages* in his youth, which others  
 do often in *vaine*, and he himselfe too often  
 when

when it is too late, wish to enjoy, should not  
 do something whereby he might shew all  
 that care and cost not quite thrown away and  
 mispent? And yet much more, that he  
 should onely so behave himselfe, as one that  
 knowes how readily to forget whatever  
 had cost him so much time and pains, and  
 money in acquiring; and one that can now  
 make that a part of his Glory, which indeed  
 is no small argument of shame, that he once  
 had a little Learning, and might have been  
 a Christian, had he not had wit enough to  
 mislead himselfe, and so become a gentleman.  
 It troubles me to say that very many of our  
 English Gentlemen do thus Commence (as it  
 were) and take Degrees in Ignorance and  
 Vanity, I wish it troubled him as much to  
 do so.

Again, it were but just, our gentlemen  
 should think upon there large Portions and  
 their Inheritances, and so take the Measure  
 of their Duties by their liberal Allowances.  
 To have an Estate makes no man happier; but  
 to use an estate wisely may bring a man very  
 far on his way towards it. O let it never  
 be said of the gentleman, what is recorded  
 of the perpetual dishonour of the Young



man ( he knowes [ I hope ] where ) that he departed from *Christ* because he was very rich. It is certainly a mistake in any man to think a mans soul may no way feed and grow fat upon his wealth; or to say a man may not become a better Man, by having greater Possessions. *Wisdomes* seven Pillars are most readily erected, and firmly grounded upon a Basis of Gold: And *Vertue* cannot there have the best Fare, and thrive most, though she may have a kind welcome, where *Povertie* keeps the house. Though the treasures of wisdom and knowledge lie not in the *Chist*, yet are they for the most part so lock'd up, that he who would at any time come readily at them, must not fail to carry the Key in his Pocket. Though *Vertue* and *Piety* may live Quietlie and Contentedlie under a thatch'd roof, and may meet with such entertainment as may preserve life; yet, alas, they are but there as in Prison, and shall hardly obtain the Libertie to walk much abroad, except there be something in the purse to purchase their freedome. Without this they may have that fetter'd Captives may enjoy, their hearts and tongues, but very fel-dome theis hands or feet at liberty. What rare

rare perfections might be attain'd to, and  
 what wonders wrought, had but either the  
*Rich Gentleman* the *poor mans* soul, or the  
*poor man* the *rich Gentlemans* purse? What  
 asname it is, that he whom God hath bles-  
 sed with enought to buy the *Precious Pearl*,  
 should rather chuse to lay it out upon an  
*Hobby-horse*; that he should suffer either  
 himselfe to be a *Fool*, or *Vertue* a *Begger*  
 when it is in his power to prevent both?  
 If his *wealth* know not what to do with his  
*Vertue*, let him give *Vertue* the *key*, and she  
 knows how to make use of his *wealth*?  
 What an ungreatfull tool is he, who with  
 what is given him will neither fulfill the  
*Donors* will, nor make use of the gift to his  
 own advantage? How might the *Church*  
 become truly *Glorious*, and her rayment li-  
 terally of wrought Gold, how might the  
*Poor man* grow *Rich*, and the *Rich man*  
 good and happy, did the *Gentleman* study to  
 make that improvment, which he ought  
 to make of this one *talent*, and not either  
 with the *Ranting Prodigal* waste this inhe-  
 riance by riotous living; or with the other  
*ill husband* and *foolish servant*, wrap it up  
 in the *Napkin* of a *lazy*, or hide it in the  
 Q 2 Earth

*Earth of a Worldly mind?*

There is a *third* obligation whereby the Gentleman in equity is bound to outgoe his Inferiours, no lesse in Goodness, then in Wealth and Pomp. I mean an Immunity from the Drudgeries of the World: Nature and Fortune both seem to consent in granting him a Dispensation from those Brickkilnes, to which by the Pharaoh-like cruelty of a Necessitous Condition, many a better Israelite is sentenced. He tugs not at the Oarcs, nor delves in the Dirt, nor washes his face, and bathes his body in his own sweat; nor lives, as other men are often constrain'd to do, almost by a wearisomnesse of living: But seems to plead an Exemption from that part of Adam's curse, whereby he was condemned in the sweat of his browes to eat his bread. Whilest many others by their continual labour, seem from meal to meal to kneed their own dough, and other mens too; and, like the poor Israelites, when driven out of Egypt to run up and down with their kneeding-troughs upon their Shoulders. They carry both their Lives and livelinooods to and fro in their hands; and by a toilesome improvement of the Gentlemans vast estate,

pick

pick up for themselves a very scant subsistence He eats the *fat*, and drinks the *sweet*, and has one part of him alwaies provided for to his hand; and ought not this to lay a strong obligation upon him, to take more pains about the *other*? Ought not this to bind him to the ready service of his *God*, who has made the whole *World* in a manner to serve *him*? certainly he never had a general dispensation granted him from all labour, but onely from the more *slavish* and *drudging* part of it: that the lesse he has to care for besides, the more time he should have to care for his *soul* and *Heaven*. It was *Adams* growing wanton in *Eden*, where the *Earth* freely brought forth all things of it selfe, and where his *taske* of labouring was but his *Recreation*, not his *toyl*, which sent him first abroad to *sweat* in the *World*, and to wage a constant *Warre* with *Brjers* and *Thistles*. And if the *Gentleman* will not take some pains to dresse the *Garden* of his *Soul*, when all the world seems to be so much his own round about him, that one part of it is his *Steward*, the *other* his *estate*, he can expect no lesse then to be driven out at last with a *flaming sword* to seek a

Miserable killing livelihood in another.

Could the *Gentleman* be truly sensible of his extraordinary *privileges* he enjoys, more than the rest of his *labouring* brethren do, in this one particular: doubtlesse we should see him more *thankful*, and lesse *Idle*; for though *leisure* be a very great blessing, yet is *lazinesse* a meer *Canker*, which will in a short time, if not seasonably cured, eat out both *Purse* and *Soul*. Let him not thus turne the *Opportunities* of doing good, into *encouragements* to sin, nor the *Means* of *Happinesse* into the *Instruments* of *Misery*.

O what an inestimable advantage is this, for any man that would either *learne much* or *do well*, to have alwaies a *Soul* so *tranquil* and *Serene*, that all's *Smooth* and *calme* within him? What would many a brave *Ingenious* spirit, which could never yet obtain one smile from *fortune* but lies alwaies under the black cloud of *Poverty*, and tossed uppon the tumultuous waves, of much *businesse* and more *sufferings*, what would it not give to be blest with such a *Sun shine*, and to have so long a *vacation* from the world and its sorrowes? None of these *distracti-*



ens wch come from the affairs of the world without him, which with so much eager- nesse and irresistable importunity, *call*, and *pull*, and *heale* away many a good soul from his *Study* and *Devotion*, need to be so much as *harken'd* to by the *Gentleman*; who, if he would but understand the *easy* distinction bewixt being *careful* and being *busie*, be- twixt *Idleness* and *Leisure*, we should find him betaking himselfe to another and more cheerful course of life, having *much* time to *use*, but *none* to *lose*.

And suppose you should ask the *gentle- man* this question, and wish him to answer it according to *Conscience*—Whether, if he had a *Servant* whom he had designed for some more *honourable* and *extraordinary* employment, and to this end had exempted him from all *common* businesse and works proper to an *inferiour* calling, and not one- ly so, but furnish'd him also with whatever he could suppose *instrumental* to his work; and for his better incouragement had given him a considerable summe of *Money* before- hand; if after all this, this *Servant* should neglect *this* businesse, and throw away all the time allotted him, in matters of *small*

concernments, or in meer *Idleness*, goe and spend his allowance, and waste his Masters money in *bad Companie*, and in pampering up his own *humours* and *lusts*; let him tell you in good earnest, whether he would not think himselfe *slighted* and *abused*, and for a reward turn that *Servant out of doors*, or *into Prison*? And why then should the *Gentleman* flatter himselfe up with fairer *hopes*; his *charge* I am sure is as *great*, his *care* much *less*, and therefore his *case* can be no *better*.

I may here very seasonably adde, as another branch of this *Motive*, the *gentlemans* fair opportunity, not onely of doing good to himselfe, but *others* also: and such an *Opportunitie* it is, as is indeed a *Necessitie* of doing either much good, or much *hurt* by his *Example*. For the *gentleman* stands upon the top of an *Hill*, and being advanced to so considerable an *height*, is thereby made so *conspicuous* to the eye of the World, that his *Actions* have an influence upon the inhabitants of the *vallies* round about him. His *Tenents* must for fear flatter him, and many *others* will for his favour honour him, and there be yet *more* who have and *Ambition* to be

be like him. Every sin in him is like an *Eclipse* in the *Sun*, whereby not onely his own lustre and brightnesse is obscured and hid, but his rayes are with-held from the world below, and a malignant influence scatter'd abroad upon inferior Bodies. It is a very hard matter for a gentleman to be bad alone; I dare say, his heart will bear witnesse, that he owes not a few of his own sins to the powerful *Example* of his *superiours*; and that he has very often resisted the more *sear* and *vertuous* inclinations of his own soul, and the more *rational* dictates of his own judgment, onely out of an *Ambitious humour* to make himselfe Company for great ones; and because he was ashamed to be found less then a gentleman in any thing though in *Sin* it selfe. Let him therefore consider how much it will concern him, who is the true *Leadstone* of the *Nation*, whose *Motion* the poor *Iron* soules of the multitude with trembling expect, and perceiving follow, to turn himselfe alwaies to the right *Pole*. I wish the gentlemen of our Island would remember this, that by their vices they prove not onely *Bad* in themselves, but *unjust* to their Neighbour: that  
so

So they may see how much in *equity* they are obliged to amend their lives.

§. 7. *A fourth Motive from Honour and Reputation,*

The other *mark* to which I would gladly persuade the Gentleman to turn his *eye*, is that which he pretends to *aim* at most, his *Honour* of *Reputation*; things (if you'll believe him) whereof he is more *tender* than his *Life*; but let us see how he will endeavour to make this good, for I cannot believe he values much, what he takes no pains to *preserve*.

The main *Character* of an *Honourable* person, is a great care in him, never to do any thing below his *Name*, or which may reflect upon his *Progenitors* or his *Familie* with *shame* and *disparagement*. He therefore can admit no employment which is *base* or *low*, but as his *Honour* was at first *raised*, so he studies to maintain it at that *height*, by some *noble* and *gallant* atchievement. But how truly *tender* is he of his *Honour*, who thus (as we have said before) is willing to *degrade* himself into a *Beast*, and to *trample* upon

upon his Dignity and Humanity at once ? He that can bend his proud neck to the most gauling Yoke which Sathan can put upon him ; and patiently kneeles him down to receive so many loads of Dirt upon his back ? who scorns not to drudge for the worst and basest of Masters, and that in his meanest and most beggarly service, when he sends him out (with the young Prodigal ) into the field of Carnal pleasures, there to feed a few swinish lusts : and all this too, upon hopes of the slenderest reward here, a few deceitfull husks, and in daily fear and expectation of the most dreadful punishment hereafter, that of endlesse Torments.

The Gentleman that values his honour, will be sure not to mix with any company, but such, from whom he may reap both credit and profit ; such as will be no lets to him in his vertuous progresse, nor blemish to his desired Reputation. But alas how little do those Gentlemen regard either of these, who indeed care for no companions but such as have made themselves altogether the creatures of their vices, and the nearest Pandor, of their Lusts.

The truly Honorable Gentleman, is alwaies



waies most *faithful* and *punctuall* in the performance of his *promises*, and sheweth himself to be as good as his word, esteeming no *disgrace* like that of *deserving* the *Lie*. Every *promise* he makes, he pawns his *Honour* and *Reputation*, to secure the *performance*: and looks upon no *disrespect* as comparable with that, of not being thought a person fit to be *trusted*. But how little care do our *Gentlemen* take to maintain *this* support of their *credit*: who *swear* so frequently to, they *know* not, or *heed* not what, that they cannot possibly so much as *remember*, much lesse *discharge* one third part of their *Oaths*. These upon every *slight* or *no* occasion they send out in such *Volleys*, and with so much *inconsideration* and *temerity*, that they cannot have time to consider whether one halfe of what they swear be *true* or *false*. Nay there is one *solemne Vow*, and that the most *sacred* one that ever they made, and to a *person* with whom it most concerns them to be *punctuall*, and deal *faithfully*, I mean that at their *Baptisme*, which, alas they, so well perform, as that they hardly ever *call to mind*, or can *believe* there was any *such thing* done by them

them: Was it not *this* that then they promised, to forsake the *Divill* and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the *World*, withall the *Covetous* desires of the same, and all the *Carnall* desires of the flesh, so that they would neither follow nor be led by them? In which, the engagement of their *Honour* would not serve the turn, but they brought their *sureties* and *Bondmen*, who promised (as much as in them lay) to see all made good, I tremble to think how this vow has been fulfil'd by all those persons who would be thought so sensible of *Honour*, that their bare word might at any time serve for their *Bond*. What they vow'd to forsake, they with all earnestnesse follow; and that whereby they would not be led, they sweat to *Outgoe*, hugging and embracing those temptations they promised to abandon, and making the *Vain Pomp and Glory of the World*, the only *Gods* they dare love and adore. If the *Gentleman* be thus carelesse in maintaining his *Credit*, thus false in his promises to *God* and his *Soul*, I hope he will not think it strange, if others be so scrupulous and weak-faith'd, as not to believe him to be a *Gentleman* upon his own bare word.

Further

Further yet, he that desires to be truly *Honorable*, and esteem'd so, will to provide for his *Honour*, that the world may have no just cause to throw the miscarriages and sins of his *Country* upon his shoulders, or that all the *Miseries* thereof should be found the *Daughters* of his *Vices*. But whether or no we have any reason to blame the *English Gentlemen* for the Calamities of his *Nation*, I appeal to himselfe, let his *Conscience* determine it. To whom shall we impute the *Blindnesse*, the *Ignorance*, the *Giddiness* of the *People*, but to him that pretends to be the eye and the head? We know it is the *Lightness* of the head, which often makes the heels stand uppermost; And when we see a Drunkard reel and stagger, we all know it is the *Giddiness* of his head which causes his uneven motion. It were happy for us, if all those who would be thought the *Heads* of this *Headlesse Nation*, would daily consider their office; and how much of the *Craziness* and *Distemper* of this *Infatuated* people, is to be imputed to the unsettlednesse of their own *Brains*, and want of a due *Government* of themselves. O that the World might no longer have just cause to

say

say (as now many are apt to do) that the sad disease of this poor Kindome, wherein it has well nigh cough'd out its very Heart, proceed from a Cold it has taken in the noblest members of its Body; and that indeed is Atheisme.

If therefore our Gentlemen ever intend to deserve that Honour they so eagerly desire, let them learn to be, and act like themselves, so shall they assure themselves of true Honour, both before God, and amongst men. Let them pluck up their Courage, and make it appear to the World, that they have yet something of a Noble and generous Spirit within their breasts; that they dare yet own a God, in despite of Atheisme and Blasphemie, and stand up for his Church in opposition to Tyrannie and Sacriledge: That they have Spirits above the reach of Swords, and Souls not to be out-braved by the terrours of the grave, nor blown out of their bodies with the proud and threatening breath of those that can but seem mighty. Let it once be seen that they have espoused a Religion which has a Majestie enough to Damm a Nebuchadnezar with the hottest furnace in his Mouth; and and Holie zeal, which

which (as the brighter *Sun beames* do upon the fainter light of a *Candle*) can prey upon, and consume to nothing the most scorching flames of *Persecution*. When they have learn'd to take the roaring *Lion* by the *fangs*, and pull out his teeth, when they can (with the stout Champion of *Israel*) defend the endanger'd *Church* against that great *Goliath* of *Atheisme*, which now or never appears with the *Weavers Beam* in his hand; when they have once got the *Courage*, to slight and pittie all the cursing *Shimei's*, and railing *Rabbekahs* of the Land; to scorne the Barkings of *Reproach*, and not to be afraid of the teeth of *Povertie*, when they dare goe with *Abraham* to sacrifice their lesse lovely *Isaacks* at the *Mountain of the Lord*: In a word, when they dare be good without feare of shame or want, and Religiously Loyal without dreading either *Beggerie* or *Death*: Then shall they have *Honours* without stain or blemish, and *Names* venerable in the Mouthes of all men, then shall they set their feet upon the *Necks* of the *Mightie*, and *Tyrants* shall bow down under them, and they shall be set up on high with the *Rulers* of the *People*: then shall they



they have the *acclamations* of the *Saints*, and the *bended knees* of the *poor* at the *throne of Grace*, for their long life and *Happinesse*; Then shall they be *fear'd* by their *emie*, and *loved* by their *friends*; They shall have the *Motherly Blessing* of the *Church*, the joyful welcome and *plaudite* of *Angels*, and the *Bountiful reward* and *euge* of their *God* and *Father*; a *Glorious Robe*, an *immarcescible Crown*, a *perpetual Kingdome*: for indeed *this Honour* have *all his Saints*.

I am really *ashamed*, and heartily *sorry*, that either the *Gentlemans* unnatural Behaviour, that strange *Meander* of all vices, or the sad and deplorable condition of this poor *Church* and *Nation*, to which in all *Reason*, *Honour*, and *Conscience*, he ought to shew a more *filial* respect and *Affection*, have provoked me to this unusual length of a *Letter*: But the *Copiousnesse* of the *Theme*, which you first proposed to my thoughts, will I know be my sufficient *excuse*; though the *unpleasantness* of it, together with those many other *businesses* which are never wanting to *You*, but now *incumbent* upon *me*, might afford you an opportunity of being more profitably imploy'd, and me more suitable to

R

my

my present calling, then in reading or writing of what I here send you. I shall therefore in a very few lines more, give you a *Breviature* of what I have already said, or have more to say concerning the *mix'd* Theme of this Letter.

§. 8. *The Conclusion and summe of all.*

I shall alwaies with all readinesse Confesse that I dare not have a low esteem of any of those *worthy* Persons, whom the All-wise God by advancing them to the *Top* of the *Pinacle*, seems to commend both to me and others, as the most *fit objects* of our *Admiration* and *Reverence*: Onely I hope the *Gentleman* will give me leave to make it a part of my *Prayers* ( and too *sad experience* daily shews us what great reason we have so to pray ) that they who *stand* both so *high* and so *ricklishly* may ever take heed lest they fall. *Sathan* had the Confidence upon as *high* a place ( though at that *height* he met with the most exemplary *Humility* that the World ever heard of ) to venture a temptation upon the *Lord of life*: where certainly his *hopes* of prevailing must rationally be thought

thought to have been as *low*, as his *attempt* was *high*: It is therefore too much to be tear'd he hath very often his wish'd for *success* in overturning the *bravest Sinner*. The *Subtile Serpent*, though he despair of *Heaven*, is alwaies crawling *upwards*, and can as easily twist and wrap himself about the *Gilded spire of Honour and Nobility*, as once he did about the fairest *tree in Eden*; and questionlesse not seldome with as much unhappy *success*, as malicious *Subility*. Here I am sure, he hath the *same* or *surer* holds to *fasten* upon, and *climb* up by, which there he had; Even the wild *protuberances* of *Pride* and *Ambition*. The first assault he made, was upon an unspotted *Innocence*, but match'd with an over facile and flexible *Humanity*; and meeting there with the *hoped Issue* of his temptation, he takes the *Boldnesse* to venture on an infinite *Wisdom* in the Bosome of *Omnipotence*: and though there he was foyl'd, yet being the more *madd*ed with the *shameful* repulse, 'tis likely he will fall the more *desperately*, and so with the greater *violence*, upon that *Prudence*, which is at best much *abated* by the base mixture, and too excessive alloy of a

*Belov'd Folly.* I wish it might be the *Gentle-  
mans* good *Fortune* or *Courage*, to ward  
the stroak, and come off *unhurt*.

When I hear this interior world wherein  
we are to breath out our *Minority*, com-  
pared ( and not unfitly ) to an *Inne*, or *Di-  
versory*; whereinto *Man*, whose life is a  
*journey* or *Pilgrimage* onely turns in to take  
a nights *lodging*; that so he may fit and  
dresse himself against the *Morning* for a  
*Better Country*: I am ready to take the *Bold-  
nesse* to prosecute the *Metaphor* a little far-  
ther, and I would fain say, that those *glitter-  
ring, spangled souls*, are most noble and *honou-  
rable*, which wise *Nature* treats with the  
greatest *respect* and *Ceremonie*; those, for  
whom, as her *chief guests* she hath reserved  
her most *stately*, and *fairest* roomes; that  
*these*, if any are to be thought the *Gentlemen*  
of the world to whom *Nature* as well as  
*Fortune* seems to pay a *reverence*.

These are the *Men* who enter into the  
world with that *Ceremonious* state and *pomp*,  
that would almost perswade us they were  
sent hither on an *Ambassy* from Heaven.  
They are indulged an *Honour* seemingly  
too great for *Mortality*. They are admis-

ted

ted into the world by the most beautiful gate of a *Renowned Parentage*, they are usher'd along with all that *Pomp and Magnificence*, which use to attend our *highest hopes* and most *teeming Expectations*; and are most significant of our *greatest joyes*: Their *births* are congratulated, and they welcomed hither, with a long and *Methodically order'd* train of *solemn and honourable* both *Civil and Religious Ceremonies*, They are honourably placed in the most *richly furnished*, and *neatly contrived Lodgings*, of *Comely and well-featured Bodies*; in adorning whereof the *Divine Art* of better *Nature*, hath best shown it self; these are Gloriously set forth by all those most lively *Images of Majesty and Honour*, which *Corrupted Nature* can be thought capable of receiving. All these are more sweetened, by a lovely *prospect* into the world abroad, where an *Indulgent fortune*, to give the better *relish* to the gifts of *Nature*, presents her self in all variety of *Dresses*, of *Riches*, *Pleasures*, *Preferments*; ever creating such store of *New-delights* as may soonest *win* upon the *sense*, and best *recreate* the *soule*.

And now, *Sir*, would any man seeing



all this, think it possible, that after *Nature* and *Fortune*, and the great God of both, by so long a *Succession* of no lesse truly *Delectable* then indeed *inestimable* blessings, have been so *industriously Solicitous* for the *Gentlemans* welfare, and with so much *Charitable importunity*, have Constantly *Courted* his soul, to be in love with that fair *hand* which made it; to invite it to an early *sense* of its own *worth* and *excellency*, and to set a due *estimate* upon it self. to possesse it with the true *Apprehensions* of that, which is certainly the highest *Honour* that can befall a *mortall* here, or *Crown* him hereafter, I mean his *Relation* to *Heaven*, and the *God* of *Heaven* his *Maker*: Would any man believe it possible after all this, that the *Gentleman* should be either so *uncharitable* to himselfe, or so *ungratefull* to his *Creator*: either so much a *Churle* or a *Fool*, or *Both*: as neither to yeild to those *Importunities* of a *Wooing Heaven*: nor *Embrace* the *Courteous Invitations* of an *endlesse Felicity*? Would you believe, that when he is *intrusted* by the *King of Glories*, upon so honourable an *Expedition* as that of winning a *Crown*; he should be *tyred* and *foot-sore* at the very  
first

first step; and sit down to rest him upon the first cold stone in his way, there flattering his *Childish humour*, in the *Empty fruition* of some *Garish* but *fading vanity*? Could any man with a *rational soul* in him, hope to find an *Happiness* in such *toyes* adequate to the *immense desires* of an *Heaven-born substance*? Alas, who is ignorant, that these *pettie Glories*, and *little felicities*, which so please us *here*, cannot in any reason be thought *more* (seldome so much) then the *smaller tokens* of a *Fathers love*, or an *Earnest-pennie* to a future *Inheritance*; something for the *Child* to keep his purse with whilest he is here at School. Nay, they are so often *lesse* then this, that they amount not to so much, as those *less tokens*, which we use to call the *Mothers Blessing*; but are rather like the *deceitful Gifts* of a *Step-dame*, such as a *brass shilling*, or a *gilded Nutmeg*, the *slight kindnesse* not of a *Fond* but a *dissembling Fortune*: whereby the *unwary Child* is very often *bribed* and *Flatter'd* out of his due *Portion* and *Inheritance*.

Doubtlesse, if the *Gentleman* find himself to be so much *Fortune's Darling*, or (as he

would rather have us think ) the *Favourite* of *Heaven*: as to be afforded a more *tender* and *delicate Education* than his poorer brethren. I dare hardly believe all this an *Indulgence* to sin, but an *encouragement* unto *Holiness*, and to go on with *Cheerfulness* to see what that *good Father* has in store for him in *Heaven*, who is so *liberal* to him here upon *Earth*. The *Comfortable warmth* of his *Prosperous* condition, is indulged him, thereby to preserve his soule, more *tender*, and *pliable*, zealously forward to receive both more *generous* and more *pious impressions*, not to *scorch* or *dry* it up into a *rebellious obstinacy*, neither to give him the opportunity of *melting* it away in the *soft embraces* of more *wanton* and *lascivious* delights, or to *dissolve* his happiness into the *Aery* and *shadowy* vanity of a *Carnal* pleasure. The *golden Foundation* being laid, God expects he should not so abuse it, as to erect there-upon any meaner *structure* than an *Heaven*. The right *use* of what he already *enjoys*, ought to *dispose* his soule into a *Capacity* of receiving more and *better*, even of those *spiritual* blessings which will set him up above the reach either of an *adverse Fortune*, or a *Malicious Devil*.

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If the gentleman would be perswaded to cast a Religious eye upon the Excellent Symmetry and lovely features of his own Bodie, wherewith it is no strange thing to find him beautified above other men, certainly he would presently consider with himselfe, that this fine Out-side was not the onely or best piece of work intended, but there should be a suitable Inside too, such as may make the man a fit temple for the holy Ghost to reside in: that this stately and well wrought Bodie should be but the external Embleme of a more Beautiful and Majestick soule.

If it be his good luck to find the way to Paradise straw'd all over with *Roses*, whilst other poor soules are forced to run Bare-footed through *Bryars* and *Thistles*, *Flints* and *Pibbles*, whereby their feet are often so gall'd, that their pace proves slow, and so prick'd and scratch'd, that you may trace them, as they their Saviour, into Heaven by their blood: he ought wisely to consider, that this entertainment should not retard him in his journey, neither make him Phancy that he is already in the Garden; and therefore may sit down, or roll his soul upon

upon these sweets to a satisfaction, alas, the more he thus tumbles upon them, the sooner will these tender Blossomes fade and wither: They are onely scatter'd in his paths, that by their fragrancy his decaying Spirits may be reitored and cherish'd, that he faint not ere he reach that garden where growes the Tree of life, and never-perishing Flowers of sweetest pleasures, even at Gods right hand for evermore.

If the Gentleman may boast of his honourable descent, from a vertuous, and if so, a deservedly renowned family; how much will it concern him in Honour and Duty, to provide that his Children by his vertues, may be enabled to brag of as much as he? It will certainly be a greater disgrace to him, when his Son shall be constrain'd to say, he had a Worthy Grandfather, then it can now be his glory, that he himselfe can tell the World he had a Deserving father. Can he imagine it halfe so Creditable, to swagger it out with the old Name and Title of his rotting Ancestors, as to manifest their yet surviving Vertues in himselfe their genuine Of-spring ( What a pittifull Credit must it needs be for him, to shew a  
stranger



stranger a firme and substantiall *foundation*, laid by his *Ancestors* many years agoe, towards an intended *Heroick* and sumptuous *building*, if all this while he have neglected by his *own* *virtues* to adde a *superstructure*, proportionable to such a *Ground- worke*?

I am Confident the *Gentleman* needs not a remembrancer to mind him of his *Name*; nor any other *Herald* to perswade him he has a right unto it, then his own *Ambition* and *Conceit*: But how unlikely he is by the meanes he uses to make the world believe him, he seems not so well to Consider. Is it a matter of such Credit, to show us how well he can put on his *Fathers* *Old* *Cloathes*, or play his *Ape* in his *Silver Jerkin*? Is this the main *Badg* of his *Gentility*, that he has never a *Coat* but what was given him by the *Herald*; or that he lives as *Beggars* do, upon the *Charity* and *Almes* of the *Parish*? Let him say, what other *title* it is he can pretend to, who by his own *personal* merits cannot *purchase* his *name*? What does he lesse then *pick* up his *Crumbs* under the *Old-mans* *Table*: *Nobility* without *Virtue* has just so much *life*, as it can *Borrow*; and onely *breaths* by the common and *Ig-*  
noble

noble *breath* of the *People*. What does the unworthy *Gentleman*, but goe from *door* to *door* for an *Almes* of *Honour*? One throws him in a *Sir*, another a *Master*, a third a *Good your-worship*; and with these few *scraps* he makes a shift to preserve *alive* his *meagre* and *raw-boned Reputation*.

A *name* that thus feeds onely upon the *fragments* of *charity*, is not like to grow *truly great* in *halte*: And a *Reputation* so long *worn* already without *mending*, is too *vile* and *cheap* for a true *Gentleman* to appear abroad withall. The *cloak* must need be very *thread bare*, that is so *old*, and has bin so *ill used*: It were more *Noble* to weare a *New one* of his own *bying*, then that of his *Great-grandfather*, which at best he can by his *scantling virtues* onely fill full of *patches*. His *Fathers Honour*, can be his but at *Second hand*: and to be proud of an *Hereditary title* onely, is but to rant it in a *Dead-mans suit*, and like him, whom he too often *Imitates*, after his *fathers Death*, to fright the world by appearing in *his likenesse*; for when we come more narrowly to examine the *Reality* of what we *think we see* in him, we find *nothing* but a *cheat* and *Deception* of  
the

the *sense*; we catch at a bare *Apparition* for a *substance*; or at best graspe a senselesse clod of cold *clay* instead of a *Man*. What is it to be thus *Sollicitous* after an *Old Coat of Armes*, but to wish the *Herald* were a *Broaker*, And that he might buy old *scutcheons*, as he may old *cloaks*, because his *Merits* will not amount to the price of *New ones*. Whilest he thus opens his *Prisse*, and shoves it to be well lined with the rich *apparel* of those who lived *before him*, he does no more then what often his *Fathers Page* or *Lacquey* is able to do: Nay I shall be bold to say it, whatever the *Gentleman* may therefore think of *himselfe* or *me*, that he who shoves his *Fathers bearing*, without some *Honourable Addition*, due at least, if not given to his *own vertues*; has but litle more reason to boast of his *Gentility*, then his *Fathers Fcol* or *Fidler*, whom I have often observed to bear his *Masters Coat* upon his *Livory*. O that the *Gentleman* would in good earnest Consider, how much all *Wise men* laugh at him even in his *Finest Cloaths*, and how much more all *Good men* do pity him, when they see him with all his *borrow'd Bravery* delight to tumble in the *Mire*!

He

He that will be a *Gentleman* indeed, must look no lesse carefully before him, on what yet remains for him to doe, to maintain his *Honour*, then behind him, on what has been already done by his *Ancestors* to purchase it. *Honour* has a very delicate palate, and loves to feed upon fresh Diet; and very much Nauseates the Moulded offals of *Antiquity*. No broken Dishes come to her Table, neither can she subsist by Chewing the Cud after the largest feasting upon the *Grandfathers* deserts. The sharp teeth of *Time* will at length enter deep into the *Marble Monument* under which the *Fathers* *Asbes* are laid to rest, or at least the *Injurious Dust* will fill up and hide the fair Characters thereupon in which perhaps alone the *Honour* of the *Son* stands legible: It can be no long-lived *Honour*, where the *Patent* is onely a *Dead-mans Epitaph*. It will therefore highly concern the *Gentleman* in due time at least to lay a *New gilt* upon the *Old letter*, that so he may transmit an *Honourable Memory* of his name to late *Posterity*, rather under his own hand, then his fathers Seal.

The *stateliest* Pile, yeilds and stoops by  
little

little and little to the importunities of *Age*:  
 And 'tis rare to see a Building left by the  
*Father* so firm and weather-proof, but it will  
 require some repairing before the Death of  
 the Son. A Good husband will therefore  
 make hast even to prevent his fears, and  
 not expect an *Invitation* from a visible ruin,  
 knowing that tis a *Necessity* not deserving  
 the name of *Providence* to under-prop the  
 declining wall; Neither will a *Prudent* per-  
 son cover a dangerous breach in the wall of  
 his house with a superficial plaister of paint,  
 thereby to Cozen the World into a false  
 Opinion of his Counterfeit *thrift* and *Pro-*  
*vidence*, till a sudden fall of the whole house  
 discover at once his folly and his *Policie*. In  
 vain shall the *Gentleman* by the bare sha-  
 dow of a vertue endeavour to make the  
 world believe he wants not the *substance*:  
 He must by the real and undissembled excel-  
 lencies of a generous soul, sincerely devoted  
 to the service of *Religion* and *Virtue*, both  
 adde many solid Pillars to support the *Old*,  
 and lay a firme Basis for a new structure.

A *Fathers* good name deserves a reverent  
 memory in alter ages, but will never be in-  
 jured or grow lesse renowned, by being



*out-shone* in the *Sons* *vertues*: It is rather proud thus to grow *young* again. There can be no perpetual *entaiment* of *Honour* upon all succeeding *posteritie*, The best *Gentleman* hold his *Nobility* but by *Lease* from *Heaven*, which is to be *renew'd* once at least in every *life*; when a good round summe of *Heroick Actions* are expected as his *Fine*. God hath his *Stewards* alwaies ready to receive the *Gentlemans* rent, the *Church* and *State*, and he that payes not at his *day* to either of these, forfeits all.

It is no slight sin to suppose *God* so vainly *Prodigal* of his *Jewels*, as to think them well disposed of when placed in *Swines* *snouts*, where they onely serve to root up the *Earth*, and delve in the *Dirt*. *Common*, *Rustick*, and *Plebeian* *Spirits* fitted by the *hardnesse* of their *Nature*, to dig and plow the ground, these are the *Out-labourers* of *Gods* great *Houehold*, who by the greatnesse of their *Necessary* *Drudgery*, take off much of the *Burthen* from the more *refined* sort of *Mankind*. The *Gentleman* *God* has chosen to be as it were the *steward* of his *Family*, and *Guardian* to his *Church*. and therefore in all *Prudence* and *Gratitude* he ought to endeavour

endeavour, a due discharge of so great a  
*trust*. No *Loyterer*, much lesse a *Spend-thrift*,  
 can be a member of *his* Family, we know  
 the certain wages of such *unfaithful ser-*  
*vants*. He then that thinks himselfe exemp-  
 ted from all that hardship, which many  
 others by a *leaden soul* and an *iron bodie*, be-  
 sides the course usage of an *unkind Fortune*,  
 are *naturally* or *casually* sentenced to, takes  
 a very *preposterous* course, when he arro-  
 gates to himselfe a *licence* to do ill, or to do  
*nothing*. If the *Gentleman* would be *valued*  
 above others, it is but reason, if we require  
 him to make it appear, that he is of better  
*metal* than others, which is to be judged of,  
 not by the *colour*, but *service*.

I would not see the *Gentlemans* soul sit-  
 ting in his *beautiful bodie*, like a *breathlesse*  
*Idol* of *God* in a *Temple* of *Silver*, there to  
 be *worship'd* by all, but do good to none.  
 It is not fit it should be thought onely such  
 a *fine gay* thing, as is sometimes by the choi-  
 cest of *Natural endowments* and *Artificial*  
*accomplishments*, *embellished* into something  
 more then ordinary, or *burnish'd* over into  
 such a slight superficial *glosse*, as may make  
 it, as well as his *bodie*, *admired* and *gazed upon*  
 by

by a few ignorant worldlings. Neither should it be his businesse to get his Bodie alwaies *New-moulded* to the varying humours of the Court, and *trick'd up* in all the late invented *Gauderies*, gorgeous *Accoutrements*, and gingling *Trappings*, wherewith the *Leviie of Art* has made bold to *overload* and *abuse* the modesty of *Honest Nature*. He that has no *Nobler* a Soul or Bodie then these, may still be no more than a meer *Carcasse*, such as, if it expresse any motion, seems rather to be *actuated* by the multitude of crawling *vermine* within it, springing from its own *corruption*, then by a true *rational soul* inspired by God *Almighty*. All the *salt* of *Wit* and *Ingennitie* which such a person usually so much brags of, will not be enough to preserve so *putrid* a Lump from *stinking* above ground.

In a word, Sir, the true gentleman will labour so to qualifie his *soul*, that he may be disposed to do a *service* to his God, in some proportion answerable to those several *tokens* of *favour* and *Honour*, whereby he has so *blest* and graced him in the eye of the world: Seeing God has been pleas'd to advance him some degrees above the  
*multitude,*

*multitude*, he takes care to raise his *soule* too to that spiritual height and pitch of true *Piety* and *Holiness*, that when thus advanced in outward dignity, he may not seem a *Dwarf* on *Horseback*.

And because the *Common Gifts* of the most *Bountiful Nature* will not put a man into a capacity of performing his part to the full in such an employment, much lesse with *Idleness* and *Negligence*: It should be every *Gentlemans* care in his *Youth* to give and resign himself wholly up with all his pleasures and *Interests*, to the *Care* of his *Soul*; that so by the *Prudent Industry* of a *Learned* and *godly Instructor*, seconded with his own *Indefatigable pains* and *patience*, he may have his *golden parts* made truly *bright*, and be, as it were, midwifed afresh unto such a *perfection*, that he may not, by the *low* and *beggerly* condition of a *rude* and *Ignorant Soul*, be a *discredit* to his *Lord*, or a *Scandal* to that *calling* he professeth. God delights in *Honourable*, though not in *proud* attendants; and although he is many times pleased to fill up his *house*, and make up the number of his *Family*, with those who have not been very much befriended either

by *nature* in a noble birth, or by *Fortune* in a plentiful and prosperous life; yet doth he long to see his *Religion* graced and credited, with a long train of such as the *King* hath delighted to honour.

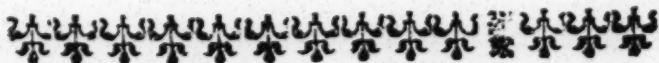
And ( blessed be God ! ) the care of our *Ancestors* has been such, that we want not *Nurseries* both of *Learning* and *Piety* in this nation; such as may afford a breeding to our young *Gentry* not unsuitable to their *Quality* and intended employment. It is my hearty prayer, that these may never be unstocked with such hopefull and generous *Plants*, as may there grow and thrive, till they arrive at that *Maturity* both of *grace* and good *Literature*, as well as of *Years*, that they may in due time become, not onely strong, but also curiously polished *Pillars* for the support of those two glorious *Fabricks* of *Church* and *State*. That, as by the special *Indulgence* of God they were *Honourably* born; so by his special *Grace* too, they may indeed live, both truly profitable to his *Saints* here, and as truly glorious with them hereafter.

Thus ( *Sir* ) have I done my best to obey your *Commands*; and, as largely and fully,  
as



as a little time, lesse leisure, and yet fewer abilities would give me leave; I have given you my present thoughts and wishes concerning our *English Gentlemen*. I have sent you ( I fear ) a very little *Kernel* in a large *Shell*; but now you have it, you may chuse whether you will take the pains to crack it, or throw it into the fire. Whatever it be that here you receive, as your *Commands* gave it birth, and my confidence of your goodnesse, has taught it to speak and go abroad; so does it now submissively expect your sentence, whether of life or death. Do what you will with all the rest, so you do but vouchsafe to read thus much in it, that I am—Sir,

*Your most humble and  
obedient Servant.*



THE END.



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